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Instincts.

Heaven gave the bee desire for sweets,
And Heaven sends her flowers;
The thirsty land for moisture waits,
And Heaven sends her showers.

Nor are the instincts of the heart
Less blest with Heaven's care,
Nor would Heaven sympathy impart
Merely to perish there.

The heart that yearns for kindred mind
To share its bliss or pain,
That longs to love, shall surely find
A heart to love again.

Cleopatra Dying.

Sinks the sun below the desert,
Golden glows the sluggish Nile;
Purple flame crowns spring and temple,
Lights up every ancient pile
Where the old gods now are sleeping:
Isis, and Osiris great,
Guard me, help me, give me courage
Like a queen to meet my fate!

"I am dying, Egypt, dying!"
Let the Cæsar's army come—
I will cheat him of his glory,
Though beyond the Styx I roam,
Shall he drag this beauty with him
While the crowd his triumph sings?
No, no, never! I will show him
What lies in the blood of kings.

Though he hold the golden scepter,
Rule the Pharaoh's sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless,
Through the sweeps of silvery sand—
He shall never say I met him
Fawning, abject, like a slave—
I will foil him, though to do it
I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping, sleeping—
Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows? Shall we
In death meet and love once more?
See, I follow in your footsteps—
Scorn the Cæsar and his might—
For your love I will leap boldly
Into realms of death and night.

Down below the desert sinking
Fades Apollo's brilliant car,
And from out the distant azure,
Breaks the bright gleam of a star
Venus, queen of love and beauty,
Welcomes me to death's embrace,
Dying—free, proud, and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying! dying! I am coming,
Oh, my hero, to your arms:
You will welcome me, I know it—
Guard me from all rude alarms.
Hark! I hear the legions coming.
Hear their cries of triumph swell,
But, proud Cæsar, dead I scorn you,
Egypt—Antony—farewell!

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

Joe Gorton's Passenger.

The day was drawing toward its close, chill and raw. Lake Village was almost always gusty, but just now the wind was having its own way more than usual, and any passer through the long, bleak street, happening to glance in at the window of the little tavern, might well have been tempted by the bright fire and good company inside the bar.

They were the usual afternoon loafers, with the exception of one small, wiry looking man, a stranger, who, at the moment, was evidently the center of the general interest.

"But what is it you know, anyhow, stranger?" asked one of the group. "Come, now, among friends."

"Never you mind," answered the man addressed, "I know enough to shut up John Sawyer a pretty spell, if not to make him swing, and I know how to tell it when the right time comes, don't you be afraid for that. The day's getting on," he added, abruptly, rising and turning toward the window, "and your duckpond there don't look over agreeable just now. Who's a good boatman hereabouts? for, if I'm spilt, I can't swim."

"Joe Gorton's your man," was the answer; "he couldn't tip over if he tried, couldn't Joe."

"Why don't you wait till to-morrow, stranger, if you're afraid o' the weather? and them clouds over there do look kinder peaky," said the landlord of the Lakeside House, turning a practiced eye on the gray mingling outlines of lake and sky.

"Well, fact is," said the other, "I'm acquainted over in Milham, and, if it's all the same to you"—with a wink—"I'd rather be there than here; so, if you'll hunt up this Joe What's-his-name, I'll be obliged."

The landlord, resenting the wink and the implied insinuation, opened the door and called out, rather sulkily, to some one in the next room: "Margy, run down to the water and tell Joe there's a passenger here."

In another minute the house door closed, and a tall, slight girl's figure, with a shawl over her head, might have been seen hurrying down to the water-side.

Joe Gorton, busy about his boat heard his name called, and, looking up, saw the girl Margy. The sharp wind had blown out stray locks of her crisp, black hair from under the red shawl, but the hectic in the cheeks, and the feverish brightness in the dilated eyes, were not all the wind's work. She came close to the young boatman, who raised himself up, facing her.

"Joe," she said, "there's a passenger waiting up to the house;" she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced cautiously around before adding, in a whisper: "Joe, if once that man reaches the other side, it's all up with father."

"What's that, Margy?" said the boat man, looking wonderingly at her.

"I tell you I heard it; he'll bring it home to him; he says he's come a-purpose. It's father's chance clean gone if you take him across."

"Do you mean I should refuse to take him, Margy?" said Joe, slowly.

"What good would that do?" said the girl, impatiently. "Kelley or some of 'em would take him fast enough; what's father's life against a fare? No, it's you must take him, Joe, and then, if anything happens," sinking her voice to a meaning whisper, "nobody but me and you's the wiser."

Joe started back.

"Margy, what's that you're thinking?"

"I can't help it," cried the girl, passionately, twisting her fingers in the shawl fringe so that it snapped; "he's my father, and never was a better but for the drink—you know yourself, every-body says so—and, if you could hear that man up there laughing and boasting he'll hang him, Joe, you'd find it hard to keep your hands off of him; but I don't ask you to so much as touch a finger to him, only, if the boat turns over, he can't swim. I heard him say so, and then father's saved, and nobody the wiser, for the best boatman that ever was might have an accident on a squally evening like this."

"There, there, Margy, be still, poor girl, you don't know what you're saying," interrupted Joe.

"Yes I do," she said, passionately; "never you think that, Joe Gorton. I tell you it lays with you to save father or to kill him; yes, and me, too, for if they hang him I'll never live over the day, and that I swear, so you choos between us. Hark!" she turned to listen. "I can't stay." She pressed her hand hard on his shoulder, looking up piteously in his face. "Joe, if ever you cared for me, save that poor old man!" And before he could answer she was gone, leaving him looking after her like one in a dream.

The clouds were getting lower and heavier as the boatman set off with his passenger.

"Looks as if we should have a spell of weather," said the latter, glancing from the leaden sky to the leaden water. "Hope you're what they cracked you up to be, for if I got a ducking here I shouldn't find myself again in a hurry."

"Well, I'm as good as they average, reckon, mister—I didn't hear your name," said Joe, looking up inquiringly.

"Peter Groom is my name, and one I ain't ashamed of; it'll be pretty well known in these parts by this day week, I'm thinking," and the man smiled a smile not pleasant to see.

"How's that?" said Joe, anxious to betray no previous knowledge.

"I've come to give evidence in a trial that's coming off in your county town," answered Groom, motioning toward the Milham shore. "I've traveled nigh five hundred miles on purpose to do it, and I'd travel five hundred more if 'twas needed."

"Is it the Sawyer trial you mean?" asked Joe, carelessly. "People have been saying there ain't evidence enough to make a case, but I 'spose there's something new turned up?"

"I should rather think so; something that'll make a case'll hold John Sawyer as tight as his coffin."

Joe clinched his hand on his oar. He was beginning to understand Margy's hatred for this man, with his open exultation in the ruin he was going to work.

"I'm sorry for the old man," he said, after a pause, "and so are most folks about here. Wilson was known for a bully, and, if Sawyer really done it, 'twas that—that and the drink, for when he's himself he wouldn't hurt a worm."

"You've no need to tell me what John Sawyer is," said the other, shortly. "I knew him before you were born, before even he came into these parts."

"Well," said the boatman, "you've a queer notion of old acquaintance' sake then, that's all."

"I'll give him a swing for old acquaintance' sake, if I can," replied Groom, with a scowl.

Joe drew a quick breath.

"Can you do that?" he asked.

"That or a lifer. I tell you, my man, I saw it done."

"You saw Sawyer kill Wilson?" exclaimed Joe, stopping short on his oars.

"I saw him strike the blow that killed him, and that comes to pretty nigh the same thing, I take it."

"But how is it you've kept back all along?"

"Well, it's like this," said Groom, who appeared to be in a more communicative mood than a while before. "The day of the murder—to begin at the beginning—I happened to be passing through Milham, and stopped over a train there to see a man I had dealings with. He lived a little out of the town, a lonesome road, part of the way across some fields. I did my business, and started back again alone, as I had come. Half way, or thereabout, I heard a kind of cussing and quarreling in the next field—right close to my ear it sounded, only I couldn't see anything for the high hedge. 'What's up?' thinks I, 'might as well take a peep.' 'Twas an uncommon fine evening; moonlight you could almost see to read by, and I knew Sawyer as soon as I set eyes on him. His face was turned exactly to me, and ugly enough it looked then. The next minute I saw him strike out, and the other went down like a log."

"And you let him lay?" interrupted Joe, in excitement. "You never called for help, nor nothing?"

"What for?" said Groom, carelessly. "I thought 'twas just a drunken quarrel—I knew what Sawyer was—and I left 'em to settle it between themselves. I had to look sharp for the next train, so I hurried back to the hotel, and none too soon, either. I never thought again about the matter, till the other day I happened to hear that John Sawyer was going to be tried for murder, and, talking this way and that, I found the time and the gen'ral circumstances agreed with that evening—so, then, I knew I had seen the thing done."

Groom paused a moment, and when he resumed it was in an abstracted tone

"'Twasn't particularly convenient for me to leave my business just then; if it'd been anybody else I'd likely have left the poor devil to sink or swim, as might be, but John Sawyer? I tell you," he continued, through his set teeth, as, catching the boatman's eye, he appeared suddenly conscious of a listener, "I'd let all I've got go to rack and ruin for the pleasure of seeing John Sawyer stand there, a disgraced and convicted man, and saying to him: 'Twas me that did it!'"

There was something in Joe Gorton's breast on which the fierce words and manner jarred painfully. He was no preacher, this poor, untaught boatman; he did not know how to tell the man before him that his promised revenge was cruel and cowardly; but yet he felt that, even setting aside Margy's interests, there was something in it which roused all his instincts of resistance. He shook his head as he thought about it.

"That's a feeling I can't make out," he said, half aloud.

"Can't you?" said Groom, shortly, supposing the remark to be addressed to himself. "Have you got a sweetheart, young man?" he added, abruptly, after a short pause.

"A sweetheart?" repeated Joe, starting at the associations connected with the question, and the man who put it.

"Well, you've no cause to be shy of owning it," said Groom, who had noticed the movement. "A sweetheart, when she's the right sort, is what no man need be ashamed of. I had one myself when was your age"—he stopped a moment—"I don't s'pose you'd often see her like, I never did. There was a girl up at that place, that tavern there, had a kind of look of her about the eyes an' forehead, but nothing to compare. I had a friend, too—well, it ain't much of a story," Groom broke off, with a dry laugh, "and I don't hardly know why I tell it at all, only, maybe, it'll help you make out what seems to puzzle you. The long and short of it is that my friend—mind that, youngster! my friend cheated me out of my sweetheart. I ain't much to look at, I know—never was; but I could cure for a woman just as much as if I'd been six foot high, and fresh as a rose, and I'd take my oath she cared for me, too, till he come between us with a false tongue enough to turn my girl's head. Well, he come off first best; she left me and went away with him. I swore then, boy," said Groom, looking darkly in his listener's earnest face, "that if ever my day come, I'd be even with John Sawyer; I never thought 'twould, but it has, and do you think I'll let my chance slip now? No, and the man brought down his fist with a force that shook the boat's side.

"That was hard lines, sure enough," said Joe, thoughtfully, "but, Mr. Groom, you was speaking just now of a girl up at the tavern, there. She's my sweetheart, and," added the boatman, slowly, "she's Sawyer's girl, his only child."

"No!" exclaimed Groom, evidently moved by the intelligence. "Hetty's child," he muttered to himself, "Hetty's child!"

"Yes," said Joe, eagerly, "don't forget whose child she is, and that you'll make her suffer along with the old man."

"Ah," said Groom, "that's all very well, but I don't forget, neither, whose child she is on the other side. No! I'm sorry for the girl, and for you, youngster, since you've an interest in her, but I'd have my pay out of John Sawyer, now, if I was to die for it."

Joe's grasp tightened convulsively on his oar. Was the man crazy, thus to make a boast of the misery he would cause before one whose advantage and opportunity it alike was to insure his silence; who had him almost as completely at his mercy here on this unfamiliar element, as if they two had been alone in all the earth! If he were to die for it! Every plunge of the dark water seemed to be repeating those words. The boatman roused himself with a start at the sound of his passenger's voice.

"You're a pretty feller, ain't you, now," said the latter, resuming the subject in a lighter tone, "wanting to persuade me to cheat justice after that fashion!"

"As for that," answered Joe, "you said yourself if it had been anybody but Sawyer you wouldn't have troubled to hunt him down, and I can't see as that's any better notion of justice than mine. Besides," he added, gravely, "the old man's got his death sentence a'ready, if that's what you want; what with the drink he ain't the man he used to be, and the night of the quarrel he got a cough that's tearing him all to pieces; the doctors say he can't live long, nohow."

"He'll live long enough to make the acquaintance of a rope's end, I reckon," said Groom, with a coarse laugh, "and that's all I care about."

The brutal words and manner roused the lurking devil in Joe Gorton's heart. He stammered out a curse, inarticulate for passion.

"Eh!" said Groom, catching the sound, but not the words, "what's that you say?"

The boatman stopped rowing, and leaned forward till he almost touched Groom where he sat.

"Just put yourself in the old man's place for a minute," he begun, with an effort, speaking quietly. "S'pose there was somebody'd got the chance and the will to get shut o' you, just as you have of old Sawyer"—

"What are you driving at now?" interrupted Groom. "There ain't anybody, as I know of, has got either—more luck for me!" he ended, with a laugh.

"Ain't there?" said the boatman, slowly. "You talk about justice, Mr. Groom," he resumed, "but it ain't justice you've set out to do—it's murder. You've got the law on your side, as it happens, but all the same, as far as you are concerned, it's murder—as bad, for what I can see, as if somebody—it might be me," said Joe, looking fixedly in the other's face through the growing dusk, "somebody with a motive, no matter what, for wanting to be rid of you, getting you all alone—as it might be here—out of sight or help, should just put you quietly out of the way"—

"Hey! d'ye mean to threaten me?" cried Groom, springing up. Just then the breaking gust struck sharp on the boat's side, that, left to her own guidance, had drifted round; she gave a lurch and a bound, that sent Groom, who in starting back had lost his balance, overboard like a shot.

Joe stared for an instant at the empty place opposite, hardly comprehending what had happened so quickly, then, sudden as the lightning darting through the sky above him, it flashed into his mind that here were silence and safety, and that through no act of his. Why not profit by the accident? Why not, in the man's own spirit, in his very words, "leave him to sink or swim, as might be?" But Joe could no more be deceived by his own, than by others' sophistries; a voice within him cried: "If you leave this man to die, you are his murderer!" A great surge of horror and remorse for the thought that had been in his heart seemed to sweep him away, and before a second lightning bolt could tear the clouds, he had thrown himself after Groom.

When the two rose together, the boat was nowhere in sight. There was nothing now for it but to strike out for the shore. Luckily, the Milham side was not now very distant; still, it was a hard stretch through the running water, encumbered as he was with his heavy clothing and the weight of Groom, who, moreover, himself completely helpless, held him with a nervous clutch that half strangled him. By the time they neared the shore, his strength was pretty well spent, but the growing lights gave him heart again; he rested an instant for the final pull, and just then it was that the gust seized him, unprepared, and whirled him away from the inlet he was making for, to the rock ledge jutting into it, that caught and battered him—poor Joe.

He was conscious when they took him up, but there was a look in his face that foretold the end, even before the doctors did. As for Groom, he had been shielded by Joe's body, and, tough and wiry as he was, was scarcely the worse for the whole adventure. When he heard what they were saying about Joe, he burst out with an oath, and hurried to where he lay.

"Well, Gorton, and how is it with you?" he said, affecting to speak cheerfully, though struck at once by that look of death in the face.

"About as bad as it can be, Mr. Groom," answered Joe, feebly. "The old boat and I'll go down together, I reckon."

"Now, never you talk that stuff, my man," said Groom, in almost a blustering way, perhaps to conceal a certain unsteadiness of voice; "I owe you a life, and I ain't one to rest till I've paid it, if it takes all the doctors from here to Jericho. I've got means, I tell ye."

"No use, Mr. Groom," said Joe, "there ain't no doctor could patch up what's smashed inside of me. But look here," and he instinctively lowered his voice, with a glance at the attendant, though there was little fear of that broken whisper reaching any ears but those close to it, "it's what I wanted to speak to you about—you owe me a life, you say; mine ain't yours to give—but old Sawyer's is"—

Groom's face darkened. "I swear I'd almost rather you asked for my own," he muttered.

"But you'll promise, Mr. Groom?" said Joe, in his eagerness managing to half raise himself, "you'll promise?"

"Well—I s'pose I ain't got no choice," answered Groom, still reluctantly; "yes, I do promise, there's my hand on it."

A gleam of intense delight for a moment almost drove the death look from Joe's face. "It's all right, Margy," he whispered, softly, to himself, and laid his head back again.

When John Sawyer had been discharged for want of evidence, when the Lake Village gossips, wondering over the stranger's disappearance, concluded that his boasts had been mere idle talk to make a sensation, Margy could have told them better. She knew how it was Joe died, she knew that a life had been paid for her father's; and in a heart softened by pain she acknowledged that her prayer had been answered in God's own way.

A Clerical Hit.

Ministers will have their little jokes like other people.

"Come over and preach for me to-night," said a Chicago divine to a clerical friend whom he met on the street, not many days since.

"I can't to-night," was the reply, "I'm almost down sick with a headache."

"Well," drolly observed the other, "I guess you can do it, for if you preach as you fisually do, you won't have to use your head any!"

They they both laughed, and pinched each other in the ribs, and said it was a good one, just as heartily as though they had been the worst kind of sinners all their lives.

A Yellow Fever Story.

There was a curious incident in the yellow fever panic at Savannah which has not attracted as much attention as it deserves. The hero of the mournful episode was a young drug clerk. When the fever broke out at Savannah the whole force in the drug store where he was at work deserted the post of danger and left the city. His friends, who lived in Augusta, sent word to him to come home, but he refused, and remained on duty until the proprietor of the store ordered him to close it. He then went to another drug store in Savannah and worked laboriously as prescription clerk. He was kept so busily engaged that he had little time for his meals, no chance to change his clothes and no opportunity for rest or amusement. His employer took the fever and died, although the boy nursed him faithfully. The cook took it, and he attended to her also and she recovered. A young comrade was then taken ill and the steadfast druggist nursed him and performed his duties in the store night and day. His friend regained his health slowly, and then the clerk was himself seized with the fever, but as he was strong and cheerful he sent word to his relatives that he had no fears. It was then his companion's turn to show the kind of stuff of which he was made; and the material turned out to be pure gold. He nursed his friend from day to day, keeping up constant communication with his home by telegraph as long as the telegraph messengers could be persuaded to venture into the infected part of the town. His last dispatches were: "I will stick to him to the last," and "I shall not sleep to-night." Both of the young men died that night.

We are not much addicted to what is known in the newspaper profession as gush, and have no desire to turn a commonplace matter into heroism by a few gorgeous phrases glittering in the light of an overheated imagination; but we are inclined to think that some honor is due to the memory of these two young fellows, and should be frankly paid. They found themselves in the heart of a city afflicted with the plague, a place in which even brave men often quail and from which selfish ones always shrink. They were in no sense before the public eye, and whatever they did was done through loyalty to their own impulses, not in the hope of reputation or reward. They had that kind of duty to perform which is the hardest that can be put upon man. It was ugly, wearing, disagreeable and dangerous. The self-sacrifice required was not sudden and startling enough to win glory, but it was of that moderate, continuous and exhausting kind which only rare patience can stand. If these young Georgians had fallen side by side in a battle-field in the endeavor to sustain their flag or rescue each other, no one would have wondered at their death; but to find them wearing out their health in nursing the sick, and faithful to each other through weary vigils, is a sweet surprise. At a time when the national character has suffered a great deal abroad through the misconduct of officials through whom we are mainly known to other peoples, and the American is pictured as a hard, angular, superficial, unscrupulous personage, occurrences like this at Savannah should bring us reassurance and comfort. It is only one incident out of many from day to day suggesting rare powers and propensities for good. Every skirmish on the plains, the overturning of a pleasure yacht, or the rescue of a shipwrecked crew, is sure to bring some hint of a capability for heroism which seems to be an American heritage. Few readers will fail to respond to the words of the correspondent who has told in a private letter the facts which we have just repeated: 'They were brave boys, were they not? Does it make any difference which side or which flag such souls fought for twelve years ago? Can't you reach out and shake hands over any distance?"—*World.*

A Glassmaker's Fate.

There was an artificer in Rome who made vessels of glass of so tenacious a temper that they were as little liable to be broken as those that are made of gold and silver. When, therefore, he had made a vial of the purer sort, and such as he thought a present worthy of Cæsar alone, he was admitted into the presence of the then Emperor Tiberius. The gift was praised, the skillful hand of the artist applauded, and the donation of the giver accepted. The artist, that he might enhance the wonder of the spectators and promote himself yet further in the favor of the emperor, desired the vial out of Cæsar's hand and threw it with such force against the floor that the most solid metal would have received some damage or bruise thereby. Cæsar was not only amazed, but affrighted with the act; but the artist, taking up a vial from the ground (which was not broken, but only bruised together, as if the substance of the glass had put on the temper of brass), drew out an instrument from his bosom and beat it out to its former figure. This done, he imagined that he had conquered the world, as believing that he had merited an acquaintance with Cæsar, and raised the admiration of all the beholders, but it fell out otherwise, for the emperor inquired if any other person besides himself was privy to the like tempering of glass. When he told him "No" he commanded his attendants to strike off his head, saying: "That should this artifice come once to be known, gold and silver would be as of little value as the dirt in the street." Long after this, in 1610, we read that, among other rare presents then sent from the Sophy of Persia to the king of Spain, were six mirrors of malleable glass, so exquisitely tempered that they could not be broken.

The Good that Comes to Us.

Much of the good that comes to us through life is far removed from any of our plans or intentions. If we watch a child at play we shall see that his continual pleasures take him unawares. One by one they meet him unexpectedly in simple yet ever changing forms. When he grows older and plans his enjoyments how seldom does he realize his anticipations! Happiness eludes his search and defies his schemes, but comes in ways unthought of. It escapes from the ambitious schemer, who thought his grasp upon it was firm, and dwells with the simple and loving hearts under the cottage roof, who court it not. It flies from the banquet table, spread to ensnare it, and descends upon the frugal board, where health and peace and love preside. Complicated plans to secure wealth and power, fame and position, may be successfully carried out without bringing halt the enjoyment which comes uncalled to those who live simply, purely, trustfully and self-denyingly from day to day, making no claim, but receiving gratefully whatever blessings descends upon them.

We would by no means undervalue a grand life purpose, or throw the least shade of disrespect upon careful and well laid plans of action. They are invaluable, if we use them as instruments, keeping them under a wise control and modifying them as occasion may require. They are only detrimental when we worship them, become absorbed in them, are bound down by them, and seek good in no other direction. Like fire and water, our plans make excellent servants but very bad masters.

A Story, with a Moral.

A gentleman of middle age, who had always been a farmer, had cleared up and improved one of the best farms in Maine, erected new and convenient buildings, reared a family, and was enjoying the blessings with which he was surrounded, became possessed with the idea of selling his farm.

Friends told him he could live so much easier to go into the village, where he could have a nice house, a garden, keep a cow, and, if he chose, a horse, and live like a gentleman on the interest of his money, that he advertised his farm for sale. He found no want of purchasers, and the farm was soon disposed of for a handsome sum. Then the stock, farming tools, etc., were sold, and the place that he had wrought with his own hands, the buildings he had built for his own convenience, and, according to his own notions, the spot where he had raised his family, and around which clustered so many associations, passed into the hands of strangers. For a time the gentleman did not locate, as he desired to look round, find a place to suit him, and see where he could be happy for the remainder of his days. At last he found a place that suited him, purchased it, and settled down to life again. But things did not go right. He missed his old farm and house, the silent but delightful company of his cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals, the scenes where he had passed so many happy years, and the society of his old neighbors, tried and true. He grew discontented, and was well nigh sick. His wife and daughters, also, were not pleased with their new home; it was half a mile from town, with a little land, and was what many would have called a desirable place. Having remained long enough in his new place—he could not be said to have lived at all—to become satisfied he should never be contented, he resolved to have the old farm back again. He went to the man who owned it, paid him five hundred dollars more than what he got, took possession again of his familiar fields and groves, and, having learned a wholesome lesson from his transaction, is now at work again upon his old farm, a happier, wiser and better contented, if not a richer man.

Its moral to farmers and others is, that when they get discontented and sell out, they should be sure they are able to buy back their old homes and business, when they find they have not bettered themselves by the change.

A Grand Potlatch.

There was a mighty gathering of Indians at Saanich, says a letter from British Columbia. Upward of 3,000 redskins, in 273 canoes, were present. The occasion of the assemblage was a grand potlatch of over $15,000 worth of goods being given away. English blankets to the value of $5,000 were thrown from the top of the lodges to be scrambled for by the natives below, who stood armed with long poles, stuck full of nails at one end, to secure the prize as soon as it fell. In addition to these, some curious "perecece," made by the natives themselves from the wool of the mountain sheep, were also thrown. Three hundred guns, amongst which were some very fine doubled barreled pieces with percussion locks, were then thrown down, and caused a series of tremendous struggles, which lasted in some cases for nearly an hour. Pieces of board representing sums ranging from $100 to $500 were then scrambled for after the same fashion. Three brothers gave 3,500 blankets as their contribution, which had all been paid for by the products of the chase. The stock of gift-being exhausted the natives all got into their canoes and left, thus ending one of the largest meetings of the kind which has taken place for many years, and probably the last of any magnitude which will occur, as the rising generation of Indians seem to care little about perpetuating the customs of their forefathers, and this, as well as many other ancient practices, will soon be numbered among the things of the past. All was conducted soberly, and the Indian superintendent, Colonel Powell, and Police Superintendent Todd, who were present, were both struck with the absence of any sign of intoxication.

A Horrible Death.

Some weeks ago Alexander Scott, a farmer living near Cherry Hill, Maryland, indulged in an exchange of horses. The horse he secured was a fine looking animal, but at the time was suffering from disease of the head. Mr. Scott believed it to be "distemper," and did not object to running the risk. A few weeks ago Mr. Scott's hand began to inflame from a slight wound on the back of it, and became in a few days a very ugly ulcer, causing him a great deal of pain. He became sick of fever, and a physician was called in. He found the patient suffering from fever, but detected nothing different from an ordinary case of intermittent fever, and prescribed the usual remedies. The physician having occasion to leave home, and the fever not abating, another doctor was asked to attend Mr. Scott. At the first visit he prescribed for intermittent fever, having first inquired about the sore hand, and being told that it had nearly healed. The next day, however, he found Mr. Scott suffering with a raging fever, and covered with "button farcy." The disease was unmistakably "glanders," and had been communicated from the glandered horse through the break in the skin of the hand. Mr. Scott suffered the most fearful agony and delirium throughout two days, when death ensued. Cases of persons suffering from "glanders" are very rare, but occur often enough to remind horsemen that the proper way to deal with a horse suffering from this fatal disease is to have him killed at once. A horse may have "chronic glanders" and live a long time, keep fat, and work without difficulty, yet innoculate man and beast with the deadly virus that is slowly sapping his existence.

Not Contagious.

The following incident is mentioned in an exchange in proof that the yellow fever is not contagious in the sense in which smallpox or scarlet fever is, and that, unless a place is in a condition favorable to the spread of the disease, there is no special danger that the presence of a patient who has contracted the fever elsewhere would cause a well person in contact with him to take it: About twenty years ago the yellow fever desolated Norfolk, Virginia. For a time the alarm in the country round about was very great, and every village and neighborhood instituted a sort of quarantine, which shut the poor Norfolk people closely in their stricken city. Henry A. Wise alone of all the people in the neighborhood retained at once his courage and his humanity. Seeing how sore the need was of a refuge without the walls of the city, he invited the sufferers, sick and well, to come to his plantation in Accomac county, just across the strait from the city; and defying the threatened violence of a frightened mob, he brought them there in considerable numbers, and not a particle of harm came of it; not a single person who had not been exposed to the infected air of the city took the disease. If this fact is correctly reported, there is something in it deserving the careful investigation of thoughtful physicians.

A War Incident.

At the battle of Gettysburg, while commanding a company in the Eighty-second Ohio regiment, July 1, an officer, Capt. Lee, was wounded and left for dead upon the field at night by his retreating comrades. One of Jubal Early's aids carried him off the field, with other wounded, and deposited them in an obscure farmhouse, whence he had no means of communication with his regiment or friends. The news of his death reached his home in Ohio. His obituary was published, and Prof. McCabe had prepared an eulogy upon him, to be delivered July 11, the Sunday of commencement week, in connection with other exercises appointed for the day. An immense crowd were gathered in the church. After the opening of the exercises, Capt. Lee, pale as a ghost, hobbled in on crutches and took a quiet seat among the worshipers. He had been left behind by his captors, and, not knowing himself reported dead, he had come quickly home to Delaware to recover, reaching there unannounced late on Saturday night. Those were days of intense dramatic experience, days of death in life, and life in the midst of death, and though every heart of those who knew him leaped for joy at seeing him, the decorum of God's house was preserved. The meeting was turned into a missionary anniversary. Rev. Dr. Harris, the then missionary secretary, but now a bishop of his church, presided. When donations to the missionary fund were in order, this young soldier, a poor man, pale and falteringly, rose on his crutches, and said, briefly: "In token of gratitude to God for having spared my life upon the field at Gettysburg, put me down for $100."

Hotel Bills.

Were you ever in Schwalbach? This is the bill with which a party of four and one-half—viz.: three ladies, one gentleman, and a servant—had to pay at the Deutschen Kaiser Hotel in that place in July last:

To apartments—
Four bedrooms and a sitting-room, five days, ten francs..... 50
To breakfast—
Four persons, 1.25 francs each, five days. 25
To dinner—
Four persons, three francs each, five days. 60
To wine—five bottles Hochheimer..... 15
To tea—four persons, 1.25 each, five days. 25
To servant's board and room, five days..... 25
Total..... 200
Call one dollar five francs..... 840

Were you ever in Saratoga? This is the bill which a party of four—viz.: two gentlemen, one lady, and two servants—had to pay at a hotel there in August last:

To board—$40 per day, five days..... $200
(Three bedrooms and one small sitting-room; servants' rooms.)
To meals in room..... 10
To baths..... 2
Total..... $212

In accordance with a custom at hotels, a servant is reckoned as half a guest—two servants count for one. Now at Schwalbach each guest had to pay less than two dollars a day, while Saratoga mulcted them in the sum of ten dollars apiece and over. What is the reason, asks the New York *Times*, for this difference between the cost of living at the American and German watering places?

It Didn't Suit.

A Detroit boy, after finishing the last chapter of a book called "The Pleasures of the Deep," pleaded with his father to let him ship aboard a lake schooner. The old man smiled a grim smile, took the case under consideration, and in a few days the boy was on the rolling deep, having shipped as a greenhorn on a vessel in the lumber trade. He sailed to Saginaw, came down and crossed to Toledo, and next day he appeared in Detroit, lame and stiff, his throat sore, one eye nearly shut and a feeling of humbleness running all through him.

"What! back again?" cried the old man, as the boy entered the house.

"Yes, father. I want to saw all the wood for winter, bring in all the coal, clean out the cellar and paint the barn and you needn't give me but two meals day."

"Don't you like sailing?"

"Father, you don't begin to realize anything about it. The captain sailed right along on Sunday, the same as any other day, and I believe he swore even harder. He wouldn't give me an umbrella when it rained, he made me sit up most all night, and four or three times he called me up at midnight and made me haul on ropes and drag old sails around. There wasn't a single night when all of us got off to bed at nine o'clock, and there wasn't a day that he didn't boss us around and break in on us every time we got to reading anything good! I like land, father, and I wish you owned a farm!"

A City of Insurance.

By the last official report it appears that 212,467 people have their lives insured in the insurance companies of Hartford, Conn. If each of these represents a family of five, then more than a million people are looking to the city as their refuge in the time which the insurance agent, himself a Hartford product, can so pathetically describe as certain to be, for the uninsured, of acute financial as well as domestic distress. These lives are insured for $450,000,000 altogether, and the property insured in the fire companies of the same city is $645,646,000 more, so that the total risk which Hartford carries is in round numbers $1,100,000,000. The Chicago fire wiped out six of the large number of fire insurance companies in the city, and took $10,000,000 of property away from the place.

A singular freak of fate, says a writer in *Scribner* for November, made the loss seem even a bit worse than if it had come on any other date. In Hartford insurance stock is taxed at its market value, and the tax lists are sworn to, October first each year. The fire came on the ninth of the month, and so the holders of the worthless or fallen stocks had for that year to pay taxes on the highest valuations the stocks had ever known. If the fire had occured ten days earlier, the difference in favor of the individual losers would have been very considerable.

Love and Devotion.

Sandy Melville endeavored to swindle an old man in Omaha by selling him spurious gold coins in exchange for greenbacks. After his arrest he attempted to escape from the officers and was dangerously wounded. A lovely maid haunted the corridors of the jail until the sheriff took pity on her and permitted her to enter the prisoner's cell and dress his wounds. She nursed him and gave him brandy and water and piloted him out of the valley of the shadow. When she had restored him to health the courts took him in hand and sentenced him to five years' imprisonment in the Iowa penitentiary. Affecting spectacle; justice of the peace called in; marriage ceremony in the jail witnessed by all the prisoners; bride-groom carried off to chew tobacco in the penitentiary; bride returns to her humble home to take in washing and to wait; beautiful essay in local paper on woman's devotion, with appropriate references to Diana and Mother Eve.

Strange Sounds at Night.

Every one has noticed how many singular sounds are heard at night—noises apparently unexplainable, and consequently mysterious. Many a ghost story has sprung up from an unaccountable noise; many a person terrified beyond measure by an unexpected sound at midnight. Sir David Brewster gives an excellent account of a mysterious night sound which would have frightened many persons, but which proved innocently harmless when tested by a steady observer. A gentleman heard a strange sound every night soon after getting into bed; his wife heard it also, but not at the time when she retired, a little earlier than he. No probable cause could be assigned, and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant. He found some time afterward that the sound came from a wardrobe which stood near the head of his bed. He almost always opened and closed this wardrobe when undressing; but as the door was a little tight he could not quite close it. The door, possibly affected by gradual changes of temperature, forced itself open with a sort of dull sound which was over in an instant. From the lady not being in the habit of using that wardrobe, the mystery became associated with her husband only. Had they given way to imagination, and never investigated the affair, another haunted house would have been added to the long row already standing.

The Custer Fight.

Little Buck Elk has stated to Indian Commissioner Mitchell that he was in the fight in which Gen. Custer and all his men were slaughtered, and that eleven different tribes were engaged in the fight. He said that the Indians were as thick as bees at the fight, and that there were so many of them that they could not all take part; that the soldiers were all brave men and fought well; that some of them, when they found themselves surrounded and overpowered, broke through the lines and tried to make their escape, but were pursued and killed, miles from the battle-ground. One soldier, who had a faster horse than the rest, made his escape into the Bad Lands, and after he had riden seven or eight miles accidentally ran into a war party of Indians and was killed by them. This soldier rode a big horse with flaxen mane, and had a government saddle and gray saddle blanket, but it was not known whether he was an officer or not. He also said that they captured six battle flags, and that no soldiers were taken alive, but after the fight the women went among the dead bodies and robbed and mutilated them. There were plenty of watches and money taken from them which the young warriors are now wearing in their shirts and belts.

Another Indian Fight.

News from Fort Fetterman states that a haying party of twelve men and seven ox teams were attacked by a band of twenty or thirty Indians, twenty-five miles from that post. John Ottens, wagon master, was badly wounded and one horse was killed. It appears that two of the party were out hunting about eight o'clock, and, hearing an Indian war song, hastened to the train, which was immediately prepared for defense. Four of the men started to find the savages, which they did, and made a lively retreat, hotly pursued by them to within fifty yards of the train, when the remaining eight men sent a volley into the Indians, who retreated to the shelter of the bluffs, and commenced firing upon the train, which, being at a disadvantage, was compelled to move two hundred yards. The fight lasted nearly four hours. The number of Indians killed is unknown, but two were seen to fall. Mr. Powell, a contractor, states that the Indians showed great courage, and were strongly armed with Winchester and army rifles. The telegraph line between Fort Fetterman and Cheyenne being cut about the time of the fight, it is thought that it was the work of the same band. Ottens is doing well, but undoubtedly will lose his right arm.

Just Like Her.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* reads modern wives a lecture on the duty of finding sureties for their husbands. A woman who was an inmate of the workhouse of St. George's-in-the-East applied for permission to leave that establishment for a day or two. Her husband, who was in receipt of a pension of £33 per annum, had been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and to find sureties for a further period of two months for a savage assault upon herself. During his imprisonment she and her child had become chargeable to the parish, and the guardians had attached the pension, so as to pay for the maintenance of the wife and child during their stay in the workhouse. The term of the erring husband's imprisonment having nearly expired, he had written a most affectionate letter begging his wife to find the necessary sureties for him. Her application was granted by the guardians, and the woman was given permission to start on her singular errand of endeavoring to persuade some confiding person or persons to guarantee that for two whole months her husband would refrain from any further attempt to fracture her skull or smash her ribs.

Legal Begging and Stealing.

To beg tobacco and steal umbrellas is strictly legal, for it has become a law by custom, the practice of which has been indulged in "time out of mind, whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

If by chance one loses possession of an umbrella only for the short space of five minutes on a stormy day, when such things are most required, the chances are that it will go into the hands of a stranger and will never be seen again by the rightful owner. But an umbrella stolen is not so great a crime or an act of such unparalleled meanness as to have an habitual tobacco beggar solicit in a bland manner a "chew;" and when you hand him your box to have him take all that there is in it, put what he can in his mouth and the rest in his vest pocket, then coolly remark that you keep a poor stock and advise you to go and purchase a new supply.

Both of these disreputable acts are of frequent occurrence, but the petty larceny in umbrellas is not so frequent as the confidence dodge in tobacco. The surest remedy to effectually abate this nuisance is to attach your umbrella to your side as some of the ladies do their fans, and when you are solicited by well known tobacco

The Centre Reporter.

[illegible] KURTZ ..... EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Nov. 9, 1876.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.

Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

In another column the election returns as far as received, by telegraph up to going to press, Wednesday noon.

The popular vote of last Tuesday's election in the United States will be a full one, judging from the efforts made by the two political parties to get out the votes, and will be much larger than any ever cast heretofore. There will scarce be a county in the United States that will not show an increased vote on last Tuesday. We think that old Centre will swell her vote several hundred beyond the largest of any former year.

The Hayesites on Butler county tried the plan given in the telegram below to make radical votes:

Butler, Pa., November 2.—An outrageous attempt was made to throw the train from the track containing the Tilden and Hendricks Club of Butler, numbering about six hundred men, while returning from the Millerstown parade, by piling ties and stones across the track at a curve six miles from Butler. J.

Halstead, a leading radical speaker and editor, in a recent speech intimated pretty plainly that Tilden would not be suffered to be inaugurated if elected by aid of southern electoral votes. He says Ferry the radical president of the senate would refuse to have such electoral votes counted, and that Grant would back him up. That the Hayesites feel like playing such a role of deviltry we have not the least, doubt but will hardly have the courage to undertake it. Let them try it—they will find some of the worst fighting to go through they ever heard or dreamed of. If Tilden is elected the democracy will see that he takes his seat and if all the radicals and imps from Satan's realms say no.

A GREAT POLITICAL CRIME.

TEN THOUSAND CITIZENS OF LOUISIANA DISFRANCHISED.

The election is over—yet the readers of the Reporter should know what infernal means were resorted to in order to defeat the will of the people by the Hayesites. Whether the plot exposed below will succeed in Louisiana, last Tuesday, will be seen in a few days:

Rooms of the National Democratic Committee, Everett House, New York, October 31.—Card to the Public: The national committee have just received the following telegram, dated New Orleans, La., October 30, 1876:

Hon. A. S. Hewitt, Chairman: Ten thousand democratic citizens being arrested here. We would not mind it if we could get the cases examined but the deputy marshals hold the warrants in their pockets. The United States commissioner wont try the cases though the parties are present and anxious to be tried, without the deputy marshals' return on the warrants. On the day before election the warrants will be returned not found, and all the names will be erased from the registry lists. The arrests are not made on the charge of fraudulent registration for 1876, but affidavits are indiscriminately made against all white persons who have changed their residence since 1874, and many who have not changed their residences in ten years. Would you submit to it? T. W. PATTON,
President Democratic and Conservative Committee of Louisiana.

The barbers of New York are trying to shave each other Says the Sun:

It may not be generally known that there is now raging a fierce and unrelenting competition between our barbers which threatens, unless stopped, to imperil the tonsorial business. It seems that at many shops in the city shaving is done for five cents, and that some of these liberal barbers not only shave for that paltry sum, but also throw in a free cigar. Others offer a shave and a glass of beer for five cents, while some even make it a schooner. "A fashionable haircut and a good cigar" for ten cents is advertised in one quarter. Of course the barbers who believe in the dignity of their calling, and scorn to tempt custom by such suicidal means are in uproar, and their union forbids membership in it to barbers so abandoned as to work in these premium shops. We sympathize with the self respecting barbers, and sorrow with them that the gift system has been imported into their valuable trade from the religious newspapers.

THE POOLS IN PHILADELPHIA.

There was another eager crowd at the International Exchange room last evening. For the third time the Republicans were in force. On the general result the bets were $500 to $400 in favor of Tilden; on New York State, $1,000 to $300 to the same effect; on Texas, $100 to $90 that Tilden would have more majority than Hayes in all the New England States combined; $100 to $50 that Tilden would carry Indiana; $100 to $80 that Wade Hampton would beat Chamberlain in South Carolina; $100 to $60 that New Jersey would give Tilden 7,000 majority; $100 to $50 that New York State would give Tilden 25,000 majority, and $1,000 to $1,000 that Pennsylvania and Ohio would give as much majority for Hayes as New York would for Tilden.—Times, 4.

At this rate Brigham Young will have to break up housekeeping—a business in which he has conspicuously excelled. In order to satisfy the alimony claim of his divorced wife Ann Eliza, four carriages, three wagons and some mules, horses and cows have already passed under the hammer of the sheriff. Only $1,185 were realized. But wait until the sheriff begins to levy on the cradles and soothing-syrup bottles—then Ann Eliza will begin to realize on her claim.

The registration of New York is 183,000. Its population is 1,100,000. The registration of Philadelphia is 186,000. Its population is but 800,000. What is the reason of this disproportion? Simply this: Bill Kemble and his crew have prepared to stuff the Philadelphia ballot boxes.

How they—the rads—intended to do Philadelphia, the Times of 4 shows, by saying that full 20,000 fictitious names have been stricken from the fraudulent registration of 186,000 in Philadelphia, and more will go off to day. It is a significant fact that nine out of ten names stricken from the registration on petition, were on complaint of the Democrats. Either the Republicans can vastly beat the Democrats at getting fraudulent names on the list, or the Democrats can vastly beat the Republicans at getting them off.

Some one isn't attending to business at Washington. A dispatch announces that 3,000 clerks have taken their ten days' vacation to go home and vote, and yet we have not had a word said about the serious damage to the public business by the Confederate Congress which cut down the appropriations. Why is this?

THE LAST DAY OF THE BIG SHOW.

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE CLOSING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Philadelphia, Oct. 29.—The programme of the closing exercises of the Centennial Exhibition on Friday, Nov. 10, includes brief addresses on the various branches of the work, by Mr. Morrill, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Commission; President Welch, for the Board of Finance; Director-General Goshorn and President Hawley, with vocal and instrumental music by a volunteer body composed of some of the best singers and musicians of Philadelphia, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. The exercises will be held on the afternoon of Thursday, in the centre of the Main Building, the music stand being fitted up as the platform, with rows of seats to the number of 3,500, running north to the great organ, and in easterly and westerly directions along the aisles. A chorus will be stationed in the organ loft, and an orchestra near the stand. The singing of "America" by the entire assemblage, the Hallelujah chorus, and the Doxology will be a part of the musical exercises The President of the United States will be present, and make the formal declaration that the Exhibition is closed.

Artillery salutes will be fired in the morning, at noon, and at dusk by vessels at the navy yard, and by a battery on George's Hill. In the evening before the close of the Exhibition, a grand formal dinner will be given in honor of the foreign Commissioners by the Centennial Commission and Board of Finance. The dinner will be entirely of an official character, and the number of guests will be limited to about two hundred. A grand display of fireworks is announced for the same evening at George's Hill.

An organization is being perfected by which facilities will be afforded to exhibitors, both foreign and American, to continue the exhibition of their goods in the Main Exhibition Building after the close of the Centennial Exhibition, that building having been purchased from the Centennial Board of Finance for the purpose of creating a permanent exhibition. The exhibits will comprise the following classes: Mining, manufactures, education, and science, art, machinery, agriculture, and horticulture. The space will not be charged for; but the unpacking and rearrangement of exhibits, and the transportation &c., of new exhibits, must be done at the expense of the exhibitors. A guarantee to occupy for a period of not less than one year by those accepting space will be necessary, and at least three months' notice of withdrawal will be required.

STOKES BACK IN NEW YORK.

WHAT HE SAYS OF HIS FOUR-YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN TWO STATE PRISONS.

Edward S. Stokes, after nearly six years of imprisonment, yesterday morning at 8 o'clock was satisfied that at length he was a free man. Six years of fighting against the law has made a young man gray-haired, but his pluck never failed him, and when some one suggested a few days ago the possibility that a personal and violent attack might be made upon him by "the gang from Eighth avenue," Stokes said: "I don't care. I shall not invite trouble, but I shall defend myself, and I am not unprepared." He added that he knew what it meant to offend the law, and that he should never provoke a quarrel. Since Stokes has been in prison he has paid in lawyers' fees and other expenses nearly $300,000. He says openly that had he been willing to pay $2,500 for the privilege, he would not have been drafted from Sing Sing prison to Auburn. While in Sing Sing, Stokes regularly feed the officials, and lived, in the language of his fellow convicts, "like a lord." He has no hesitation in saying now that any one with money or political influence can do about as he pleases in either Sing Sing or Auburn prison. When he was hurried, handcuffed and ironed to "Jimmy the Kid," a notorious thief, to Auburn, he was not given a coat or waistcoat. When he reached the prison he was shaking with the ague. He begged to be taken to the hospital, and Warden Durston ordered him to a cold bath. Then Stokes was attacked with catarrhal fever. He was approached by prison officials who said he could in his cell and told that if he paid $500 he could get into the hospital. Stokes doubted, and asked for time to consider the proposition. When he was ordered to cigar-shop No. 2, which is called by some the bindery and by others the "bummers retreat," he met Woodford, the incendiary, and George Clayton, the burglar, and spoke to them of the hospital. Woodford said, "I can get in there for $5." "So can I," echoed Clayton. Stokes handed each of them a $5 banknote and told them to start for the hospital. Within an hour both were registered on the sick list and the deputy physician had the $10 in his pocket. Dr. Hoxie, the chief physician, spoke to the Warden. They had learned that Stokes paid the money. Then they took him into the hospital and he remained there up to the time of his release. He never did five minutes' work for the State in Auburn and never ate a mouthful of prison food. He paid for all that he received, and had plenty of good food. "I might have lived cheaper at Delmonico's," said Stokes to the World reporter, "but there is no use growling about it now. Within the past few days I have met convicts who with tears in their eyes whispered to me: 'Stokes, when you get out tell 'em what they do to us here.' I know what they do. The 'paralyzing jacket,' the most inhuman of all punishments within my knowledge, is ruining men forever. A convict is laced in a canvas jacket until, in fact, he is paralyzed, and then he is unfit for work and is thrown into his cell to die. But the officials are very careful to inquire concerning the man they punish. If he has money or friends he is all right, but God help the friendless and the penniless man. Governor Tilden ought to acquaint himself with these facts and then take some action. I am satisfied that a fair, upright Governor, who investigated either Sing Sing or Auburn prison, would turn out the rapacious and wickek officials.

Stokes and party, consisting of his brother and Colonel Nuttman, Joseph Colgate, the World reporter, and another newspaper representative, took a smoking-car to Syracuse, and there entered a drawing-room car and went to Albany, where dinner was served in the Delavan House. On the way to this city the platforms at the stations were crowded by persons who wanted to see Stokes. Women stared at him as though for dear life, and one aged female presented him with a card on which was printed "Come to Jesus." Stokes ordered two bottles of champagne at Utica, and the party drank his health. He said that he was not afraid of any personal attack upon him in this city. He took rooms at the Hoffman House last night. He intends to call upon Commodore Vanderbilt this morning. He says, "No man on earth has been so good to me as the old Commodore has been." This week Stokes will visit the Centennial; then he will return to prosecute his $250,000 suit against Jay Gould. He means to go into business at once having purchased a patent asphaltum pavement, which he says is something that no city can do without.

Stokes did not think that the authorities would discharge him yesterday. He imagined that through some trick they would detain him. He employed Lyman Tremain, had a habeas corpus ready, and at an expense of $1,500 was prepared to battle with the Warden of the prison. Stokes is gray-haired, and wears a brown mustache and goatee.

A STORY OF THE NORTH SEAS.

The struggles of the Alert and discovery to reach the North Pole. London, October 30.—A narrative of the Arctic Expedition is published. It relates that after first encountering ice the expedition was detained several days in Port Prayer. It started thence on August 8, but before reaching the shore of Grinnell Land, the vessels were caught in an ice pack. After this their progress northward was an incessant struggle through chance openings made in the ice by wind and current, the channel through which the ships moved constantly closing behind them. The Discovery wintered in a well-sheltered harbor on the west side of Hall's Basin, a few miles north of Polaris Bay. The Alert, pushed forward and rounded the northeast point of Grant's Land, but instead of finding, as expected, a continuous coast a hundred miles toward the north, she found herself on the border of an extensive sea, with impenetrable ice on every side and no harbor. The ship wintered behind a barrier of grounded ice close to land. The floating masses of thick polar ice had, in meeting, pressed up the masses of intermediate ice into blocks frequently a mile in diameter and varying in height from ten to fifty feet. Obstacles of this kind destroyed all hope of reaching the pole by sledges before the attempt was made. The sledge party was obliged to make a road with pickaxes nearly half the distance it travelled. As it was always necessary to drag the sledges loads by installments, the party really traversed 276 miles, although it only progressed 73. All the cairns erected by the Polaris expedition were visited. At the boat depot in Newman's Bay a chronometer was found in perfect order. Wheat left by the Polaris was successfully grown aboard the ship.

A stage coach was robbed of $64,000 in gold in 1870, by five men, who buried the plunder, agreeing to return and get it after the search was over. They were so closely watched, however, that they dared not go near the place; and lately four of them met in San Francisco. They were penniless, and in order to get the money with which to make the journey to Idaho, they made George R. Bailey a partner, he furnishing the needed cash. On arriving at the place where they had buried the gold, he told them that it was gone. The fifth robber had been there before them. They went back to San Francisco, obtained a heavy bar of bogus gold, told Bailey that it was the remainder of the plunder, and gave it to him in consideration of $1,000 in money. As he was crossing to Oakland in a ferry boat, with the bar in a bag, three men seized it and threw it overboard, having been hired to do so by the robbers as a means of hiding the trick. The three men were arrested, and the story is here given as sworn to in court.

A TRICK OF A TRAMP.

Elias Schweitzer, a farmer living near Beartown, Lancaster County, agreed to entertain a gentlemanly looking tramp, who professed willingness to pay for his lodging, one day last week. After having partaken of his supper the tramp took a cigar and handed one to his host. They smoked and talked on different topics until 10 o'clock, when Mrs. S. told the two boys to go to bed. At this point the stranger said he would amuse the boys before they retired. He performed several tricks which very much pleased all. He said he could take a ball, which he held in his hand, and place it in the barn without leaving the room. This astonished them all. He said that if the family would permit him he would go into a room up stairs to arrange the ball, which would not require more than twenty minutes, and when he would stamp on the floor they were to go into the barn, where they would find the ball behind a horse, where they kept the curry-comb, wrapped in a piece of silk. The family being anxious to see the performance showed the stranger into the best room and then waited for the signal to go out. In about twenty minutes the stamping was heard and the party left for the barn and examined the curry-comb box and on the ground, but could not find the ball, and in ten minutes returned, when Mr. Schweitzer went up to the room and found it empty and $78 taken from a drawer.

Hon. D. M. Wells, who was a member of Lincoln's cabinet, made a speech in New York, a few days ago, from which we make the following extract:

THE STATE OF THE SOUTH.

Has the Republican party, following the advice of the late Governor Andrew prosecuted peace since the close of the war as vigorously as it prosecuted the war? I call but one witness under this head, and one, if he is the right one, is all that is necessary. I call Chas. Nordhoff. This gentleman during the last year, at the request of Mr. Bennett, of the Herald, made a personal visitation and investigation of the Southern States. As an investigator and observer, Mr. Nordhoff cannot be surpassed. His testimony has been before the public, printed and bound in a book for a year, and no one has questioned its accuracy, even so much as to the denial of a State debt. I quote the essential part of his conclusions: First—those States which have been under Republican control have been shamelessly mismanaged and are now deeply, and some of them hopelessly, in debt, and with very heavy State and county taxes. Such are Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi (this in county and local indebtedness), Alabama and North Carolina. Second—On the other hand Georgia, which has been since 1871 ruled by Democrats, has but a trifling State debt, scarcely any county debts, good credit, and low taxation. Third—It is a remarkable fact that, according to the best evidence he could collect on the subject, the negroes in Democratic Georgia own far more real estate and pay taxes on more property than in any one of the States which have been under Republican rule—like Arkansas and Louisiana. Fourth—Whenever one of these States has fallen under the control of Democrats, this has been followed by important financial reforms economy of administration and as in Arkansas and Alabama, by the restoration of peace and goodwill. Fifth—In Louisiana and Mississippi, which remain under Republican control, there is a continuance of bare-faced corruption and of efforts made by a class of unscrupulous demagogues to set the races in hostility against each other.

MR. NORDHOFF EXPLAINS WHY THERE IS A SOLID SOUTH.

Sixth—The misconduct of the Republican rulers in all these States has driven out of their party the great mass of the white people, the property-owners, taxpayers and persons of intelligence and honesty. At first a considerable proportion of these were ranged on the Republican side. Now in all the State I have mentioned, except in North Carolina, the Republican party consists almost exclusively of the negroes and the Federal office-holders, with, in Louisiana and Mississippi, the Republican State and county officers also. Seventh—Thus has been perpetuated what is called the color line" in politics, the Democratic party being composed of the great mass of the whites, including almost the entire body of those who own property, pay taxes or have intelligence; while the Republican party is composed almost altogether of the negroes, who are, as a body, illiterate without property and easily misled by appeals to their fears and to their gratitude to "General Grant," who is to them the embodiment of the Federal power Eighth—This division of political parties on the race or color line has been a great calamity to the Southern State.

IMPORTANT DECISION TO RAILROAD TRAVELERS.

After an impartial and legally instructive charge by Judge Briggs in the Court of Common Pleas, the case of W. Barnet Le Van vs. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been decided by a verdict for the plaintiff. This was a suit for damages for forcible ejection from one of the cars of the Company on a stormy night, at a point many miles from any human habitation, whereby the plaintiff was compelled to walk a great distance at the risk of his life in search of a place to rest and be secure from the inclemency of the weather. The passenger had paid his fare to Phildelphia, exhibited his ticket to the conductor, and insisted that, as there was no unoccupied seat in the cars belonging exclusively to the Company, he would occupy one in the Pullman palace car, in which there were a number of vacant places. Instead of providing the accommodations justly demanded, the conductor selected a lonely point on the road and there ejected the passenger, causing him to undergo considerable hardship, trouble, and privation, and hence this action for damages was brought. After a lapse of six years the jury now awards to Mr. Le Van damages amounting to $8,500, and by this action the important principle is established that the Railroad Company is compelled to give a passenger a seat, without extra cost to him in the Pullman car, if all the other sittings in the cars of the train are occupied.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

SITTING BULL BEATEN.

Four Hundred Indian Lodges Surrender to Gen. Miles.

St. Paul, November 4—The Pioneer Press' special, dated camp in the field on the Yellowstone, October 27, via Bismark, Dakota Territory, November 4, says:

"General Miles, commanding the troops on the Yellowstone, after fighting, defeating and pursuing Sitting Bull and the confederated tribes under him, this day accepted the surrender of 400 lodges of Cheyenne Agency Indians, these tribes surrendering five of their principal chiefs as hostages as guarantee of their faithful compliance with the terms of the surrender. These bands are to go at once to the agency, where, upon their arrival, they will submit to the requirements of the Government. The Indians held as hostages left this evening for St. Paul, under the charge of strong guards."

SHIPWRECK.

Quebec, November 3—Intelligence has been received here of the total loss of the Hudson Bay company's schooner, Walrus, on the 21st of October off St. George island, coast of Labrador. Only one man was saved.

OLD JOE LANE

Something Interesting About an Ancient Vice-Presidential Nominee.

Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.—But the most notable object of interest we have out in our Western regions, continued Brown, of Oregon, his eyes gleaming with devotional fire, is old General Joe Lane. I suppose there are thousands of people in this country familiar with his name and record who would swear he was dead, and the young politicians of the present generation manage to get along without mentioning him at all, which is very remarkable, I sometimes think, considering what a conspicuous figure he was in American politics twenty years ago. Indiana idolized him. No man ever received such an ovation for services in the field as Joe Lane when he returned from Mexico at the close of the war, and gave the State a chance to carry him on its shoulders for his gallantry at Buena Vista. He came West in 1856, was appointed Provisional Governor of Oregon by Fillmore, then was in the Senate, and had just finished his term when the Charleston Convention recognized his radical pro-slavery opinions by placing him on the ticket with Breckinridge. After that defeat he came back to us in disgust, and the hot political places that once knew him well knew him no more forever. He bought a farm back of Roseberg, running up from the Valley of the Willamette, and built him a small frame house high up on a picturesque spur of the Rogue River Mountains, where he has lived ever since in the most perfect seclusion. Two years ago he lost his wife, whom he always called "the Madam," and loved devotedly. Since then his desolation has been relieved only by a negro boy, who cooks and keeps house for him. Infirm I you ought to see him. He's eighty-three now, straight as an arrow six feet two in height, and he can pick up his rifle and bring home a deer, or follow down a trout stream over the rocks about as well as the next man. And then he reads a great deal. One room in his cabin is stacked to his books, and his library is one of the most valuable on the Pacific Slope. Strange how the old man hangs on to the skirts of the past! Old thoughts, old questions, old scenes, old statesmen which have nearly faded out of our remembrance and given place to the issues and plans of the present are meat, drink and lodging to him. The new thoughts of an ever-busy and progressive race he cares very little about comparatively, and seems to have made up his mind that the country is retrograding. He talks about ancient notions of political honor and integrity, and any comparison with the present turns him sick at the stomach. Only once lately we got him worked up to the point of coming down from his garret in the clouds and making a speech. It was on the 4th of June, at Roseberry, just as we were getting ready to leave for St. Louis. We circulated it in every direction, and people came over the mountains to hear him, taking three or four days for the journey. There were at least five thousand there, and when the old hero began the auditors stretched their necks as if some revelation was coming and every word was to be precious. Only a few could hear him, for his voice has drifted into the childish treble, but curiosity kept them spell-bound till he closed. He reminded one, with his majestic presence and flowing white hair and beard, of some John the Baptist in the wilderness crying unto the people to "Repent!" And when he came down from the platform he took us delegates to one side, and begged us, with faltering voice and tears in his eyes, to give the country a pure ticket, and help bring back the honesty and decency which politics had lost, and the country wanted to see restored. "The boys," for that's the name he calls us by, look up to him with great veneration, and think there is still more eloquence in those weak trembling tones than in all modern orators combined. The old man has only one wish left—to vote for Tilden and Hendricks. If the ticket wins he wants to depart in peace like Simeon, for he will have lived to see the country's salvation. S. P. B.

JEWS GOING TO PALESTINE.

A correspondent of the London Jewish Herald who has spent several years in the Holy Land states that there are signs of the approaching restoration of the Jews: He says:

"The last four or five years have witnessed a return of Jews to Palestine from all parts, but more especially from Russia, which has been altogether unprecedented. The Hebrew population of Jerusalem is now probably double what it was some ten years ago. Accurate statistics on this subject it is impossible to find, as the Eastern Jews dread a census from superstitious reasons, and also from the fear of having to pay more by way of poll tax to the Turks if their true numbers were known. For these reasons, and especially the latter their official returns on the subject are not to be trusted. In 1872 and 1873 such numbers returned to Saphed alone, one of the four holy cities of the Jews, in the mountains of Galilee, that there were no houses to receive them, and building was carried on for a considerable length of time all night, as well as all day. This, be it remembered, in the East, where "the night" is emphatically the time "in which no man can work!" Great accessions still continue daily; and whereas, ten years ago, the Jews were confined to their own quarter in Jerusalem, the poorest and worst, they now inhabit all parts of the city, and are always ready to rent every house that is to be let. Notwithstanding this happy happy change, owing to the want of accommodation, still a building society has been formed, and many of its simple tenements are now rising outside the city to the northwest. Even before this many Jewish houses had been built outside the Jaffa Gate. Moreover, the Jews in Palestine are certainly acquiring possession of landed property in the villages and country districts."

MAN' PLACE IN CREATION.

A Swedenbergian View of the Characteristics that ally him to God.

The subject of the Rev. Chauncy Giles' discourse in the Swedenborgian Church yesterday morning was "Man's place in the Creation; how he is related to God on one side of his nature and is different from animals on the other." He said that the doctrines of the New Church make entirely new disclosures to man concerning himself. They do not confound him with God or angels on one side of nature on the other. Man is the crowning work of the Lord. He is the most variously and perfectly organized of the planas of his being run through all the degrees of the creation, from the highest to the lowest. He is a mineral, he is a vegetable, he is an animal, he is a spirit, he is an angel. All forms, all qualities, all motions, all activities are centered in him. He is a microcosm; the kingdom of God is within him; he is a universal and a spiritual universe. His mind is capacious enough to receive all its forms, and powerful enough to weigh all its qualities. He has capabilities which are impossible to the whole material universe; he will outlive them all, and he is worth more than all worlds. But, notwithstanding man is so great and precious in his capabilities, we are in danger of mistaking some of the adjuncts of a man, or some of the means by which the distinctly human is formed for the man himself.

Man is in the human form, the noblest and most beautiful that the Lord has ever created; but it is not the form which distinguishes man from all other creatures and constitutes the human in him. Some beasts approach so near to man in this respect that savants conclude that man is nothing but a more largely developed brute. But it is not so. The human does not consist in the outward form. It does not consist in the ability to see and hear, to eat and feel, and to enjoy the pleasures of the senses. Beasts have minds and souls. Man is not differenced from them by the fact that he can know, think, reason, and love. What we call the intellectual plane of his faculties he holds in common with them. It is true these faculties exist in him in much larger, more varied, and nobler forms; but if he possessed them all in perfection, it would not make him a man.

Man's spiritual nature, or man as a spirit consists of three degrees or planes of organic forms, entirely distinct from each other, called natural, spiritual, and celestial. These planes of faculties are so distinct that the lower may be developed while the two higher remain as mere germs, as possibilities. The natural and the spiritual may be developed while the highest remain as a mere germ. The natural plane of his mind, man possesses in common with animals. However largely he faculties of that degree of his nature may be developed, he only becomes by it a nobler animal.

The human, distinctly as such, begins in the rational, which is the connecting link between the natural and the spiritual, partaking of the nature of both. All man's power of perceiving what is equitable and just, of what is true and good, also all spiritual affections belong to this degree of his mind. It is in these qualities that the genuine human begins. They are based in the natural. They begin where the natural faculties end, and from them, as a basis, they rise to the spiritual, and, if man develops his nature so far, into the celestial.

Perhaps we cannot define the human quality of man's mind in any better way than by the golden rule, doing to others as we would have them do to us, of loving to do so. We have no evidence that a brute can have any conception of such a motive for action. Keeping this simple rule in mind, we see where we begin to be, where we begin to be distinctly and essentially human. It is when we discover our relation to others, when we begin to feel the sense of obligation, and to act from love to others, that is, to place their interests on an equality with our own. We are not human until we begin to do that. We may be men in the making, but we have not yet been born from above. We are not human until we begin to be formed into the image of God. The image of God does not consist in outward physical contour alone. Its essential features are very elements of the Divine character.—N. Y. Sun.

SERVIA IN THE DUST.

Another Crushing Defeat—The army and the Government Demoralized.

Belgrade, Oct. 30.—A battle was fought yesterday in which the Turks drove the Servians from Djunis after a crushing defeat. Tchernayeff's army is cut in two and completely demoralized. Horvatovich's command has retired on Kruchevatz. A great panic prevails at Belgrade. Particulars of the battle state the Turks attacked the heights of Djunis. The Servian artillery, irritated at General Tchernayeff's dreprociatory manner, refused to fight, and abandoned their positions despite the efforts of the Russian officers. A body of Russian volunteers defended the heights desperately, half of their number being killed. The Turks carried their positions thus cutting the Servian army in two. After the fall of Djunis, General Tchernayeff, with his staff and part of the army, retreated to Raganj, but have since returned to the neighborhood of Deligrade. General Horvatovich's corps fought at the same time, but were finally completely beaten and driven back upon Kruchevatz and Deligrade. Its positions are now untenable. Last night patrols went through the streets of Belgrade summoning sojourning Russian officers to proceed to the Ministry of War, whence they were dispatched to the front. Prince Milan left for the army to-day, escorted by a body of Russians. The Prince had a long conference yesterday with M. Kartzoff, the resident Russian diplomatic agent.

TURKEY AND SERVIA.

Two Months' Armistice Agreed Upon—Conference of the Powers.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 2.—An official telegram received here from General Ignatieff announces that the Porte has accepted a two month's armistice, beginning November 1, and has ordered the immediate cessation of hostilities. It is officially announced that both armies will retain the positions they now hold. Reuter's telegram from Constantinople says it is believed that a conference will assemble shortly. A dispatch to the Standard from Paris and one to the Daily Telegraph from Constantinople state that a conference will be held, and add that a representative of the Porte will be admitted to it by some such compromise as that described by the London Post of Oct. 31, according to which the six powers will deliberate on the reforms and the Turkish representative will only take a seat when the results are to be declared.

ROMANCE ON THE RAIL.—The Altoona Mirror says: On one of the over crowded passenger cars that arrived in this city yesterday a lady named Ford was a passenger. She resides in Illinois and was on her way, with her two children to the centennial. Some three years ago she and her husband had a difficulty which resulted in their separation. He quit the neighborhood in which he had resided with her and took up his abode in New Orleans. The wife in the entire ignorance of her husband's whereabouts not supposing that a reunion would ever be effected. When the train arrived in the depot here the lady alighted from the car and partook of some refreshments. When about to take her place on the car again her eyes met those of a gentleman standing on the platform whom she at once recognized as her husband. The recognition was mutual. The memories of the happy days of old came back to both of them, a cordial reunion took place in the cars and they proceeded eastward together. Mr. Ford had passed the night in this city, having arrived here on the Atlantic the evening previous, and not desiring to continue his journey by night.

Moody and Sankey continue to meet with great success in Chicago, three hundred conversions having been reported since Sunday.

At the islands of St. Martin, St. Barts and Anguilla much damage has been done by the recent gales. On shore great havoc is reported, especially in the French quarter, as many as 215 houses having been destroyed in that part alone.

The number of postal cards issued during October was 23,116,000, being an increase of 2,966,500, or nearly fifteen per cent. over the issue of last year.

If Tweed has not run away with the ship, he may be long on Monday,

PANIC IN A THEATER.

Caused by the False alarm of Fire—20 Persons Trampled to Death and Many Injured.

San Francisco, Oct. 31.—A false alarm of fire created a panic in the Chinese Theater, on Jackson street, last night. The building was crowded, and a rush having been made for the single means of exit, many persons were trampled down in the confusion. The police dragged out 20 dead bodies and about the same number of wounded. The Chinese refused to render any assistance, and the performers continued playing until stopped by the police.

THE POLAR SEA NOT NAVIGABLE—CLOSED BY ICE EIGHTY FEET THICK.

London, Oct. 28.—Captain Nares, commander of the Arctic Expedition, has sent a telegram to the Admiralty announcing his return. His dispatch contains only the following additional particulars of the voyage:

The Polar Sea is never navigable. The ordinary ice averages eighty feet in thickness. Animal life and the northerly migration of birds end south of Cape Columbia. A memorial tablet was erected to Captain Hall, of the Polaris Expedition, at Polaris Bay. Esquimaux traces cease in the west shore in latitude 81 deg 52 min., whence they cross to Greenland. The impractibility of reaching the North Pole was proved. All the neighboring lands were examined.

RAILWAY COLLISION—5 KILLED AND 13 INJURED

Gouldsboro, Pa., October 30.—The nine o'clock train from Scranton, consisting of seventeen cars, was run into by the Summit coal train one mile and a half north of Gouldsboro Station, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and western Railroad, this evening. One car was burned and two telescoped. Five persons were killed and about thirteen wounded. A corps of surgeons from Stroudsburg attended to the wounded.

A CONVICT LEAPS TO HIS DEATH.

Auburn, N. Y., Nov. 3.—A gang of forty-nine convicts from Sing Sing prison arrived at auburn prison this morning. At the time of starting there were fifty convicts on board the train, but when near Hudson Wm. Payne, who was serving a sentence of five years, leaped through the window of the car and was instantly killed.

TWO GERMANS MURDERED BY NEGROES.

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 3.—A party of negroes broke into a residence six miles from Aiken, South Carolina, at midnight last night and murdered Mr. Hausman and his nephew, named Prostman, both Germans, After robbing the premises the murderers fired the dwelling over the dead bodies.

SENTENCE OF THE PRIZE FIGHTERS.

Salem, New Jersey, November 3.—Weeden, Goodwin and Collyer found guilty of manslaughter by aiding in the killing of the prize fighter Walker, were to-day sentenced to six years imprisonment each in the Trenton penitentiary. The remaining two prisoners Clark and Neary were sentenced to an imprisonment of two years.

The Lungs.

CONSUMPTION!

This distressing and dangerous complaint and its premonitory symptoms, neglected cough, night sweats, horseness, wasting fever—permanently cured by "Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry."

BRONCHITIS—A premonitor of Pulmonary Consumption, is characterized by catarrh, or inflamation of the mucus membrane of the air passages, with cough and expectoration, short breath, hoarseness, pains in the chest. For all Bronchial affections, sore throat, loss of voice, coughs,

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

is a sovereign remedy.

Hemorrage, or Spitting of Blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachia, bronchia or lungs, and arises from various causes, as undue pulsation, aperthora, or fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overstraining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, &c.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry

strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

The only standard remedy for hemorrage, bronchial and all pulmonary complaints. Consumptives, or those predisposed to weak lungs, should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

Its marvelous power, not only over consumption, but over every chronic disease where a gradual alterative action is needed. Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminished, the pain subsides, the pulse returns to its natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food, and every organ has a purer and better quality of blood supplied to it, out of which recreative and plastic material is made.

Prepared only by
DR. SWAYNE & SON,
33 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
Sold by all Prominent Druggists.

ITCHING PILES!

PILES, PILES, ITCHING PILES,
Positively cured by the use of
SWAINE'S OINTMENT.
Home Testimony.

I was sorely afflicted with one of the most distressing of all diseases Pruritus or Prurigo, or more commonly known as Itching Piles. The itching at times was almost intolerable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently became sore. I bought a box of "Swayne's Ointment;" its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all who are suffering with this distressing complaint to procure "Swayne's Ointment" at once. I had tried prescriptions almost innumerable, without finding any permanent relief. JOS. W. CHRIST,
(Firm of Roedel & Christ.)
Boot and Shoe House, 344 North Second St., Philadelphia.

SKIN DISEASES.

Swayne's All-healing Ointment is also a specific for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barber's Itch, Blotches, all Scaly, Crusty, Cutaneous Eruptions. Perfectly safe and harmless even on the most tender infant. Price, 50 cents. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

Sold by all Leading Druggists.
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330 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
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Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
SWAINE'S PANACEA

Celebrated all over the world for its remarkable cures of Scrofula, Mercurial and Syphilitic Complaints, and in cases where Syphilitic virus of the parent, causes a development of Syphillis or Scrofula in the child, nothing has ever proved so effectual in completely eradicating every vestige of these dangerous complaints, and all diseases arising from

Impurity of The Blood.

Describe symptoms in all communications, and address letters to Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. No Charge for advice. Sent by express to any address.

LIFE, Growth, Beauty, LONDON

A Scientific Vegetable Preparation of Rare Ingredients.

HAIR COLOR RESTORER.

Cultivate your hair!

London	Glossy, Luxu-	Hair Restorer
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All that art can accomplish in beautifying, strengthening, thickening and adorning the hair is effected by using "London Hair Color Restorer." It stimulates and forces a growth; it gray restores its natural color and renders it silky and beautiful; cures dandruff; keeps the scalp clean cool and healthy. Price 75 cents. All druggists and dealers sell it.

Principal depot for the United States, 330 North Sixth street, above Vine, Philadelphia.

METHODS POINTS

METHODS OF BUSINESS POINTS OF ADVANTAGE

IN THE PURCHASE OF

CLOTHING

—AT—

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S OAK HALL,

To which we invite the Interested Attention and Careful Scrutiny of

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METHODS:	POINTS:
WE have but One Price for All.	ONE Price means of necessity the Lowest Price.
WE receive Cash Payment from All.	CASH saves expense of collections and losses from bad debts.
WE give a Guarantee protecting All.	THE Guarantee protects the buyer who may not be a judge of goods.
WE Return Money when we cannot suit All.	We rely on immense sales and are satisfied with a very small percentage of profit.
WE buy our goods at first hands, in immense quantities, and at the lowest prices for Cash.	THE easy to buy of us, since all are treated alike, no one getting favors that are denied to others.
WE manufacture with extreme care every garment we sell.	DICKERING and debate are done away by us, everybody gets our best without having to ask for it.
WE inspect every yard of goods that goes into our garments.	OUR large experience, capital and facilities are used for the people's benefit in lowering prices.
WE put a ticket on every garment, showing plainly its quality and price.	WE fill orders received by mail from all parts of the United States. Write for particulars.
WE cut off every item of unnecessary expenditure.	NOT a particle of risk run in buying of us. A child may buy as cheaply as a man.
WE employ first-class workmen in every department.	
WE give satisfaction to every pur

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY NOV. 9, 1876.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 869, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 357, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HEELACHER, Sect. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us Items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of five new Subscribers, with the *cash*, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the REPORTER, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

——We have received a number of reports of democratic meetings held last week, but the election being over, we deem it unnecessary to publish them.

——Indian summer was in full bloom two days last week—warm and smoky like.

——Excursion rates to Philadelphia from Milroy, only $3.50—trains left on Wednesday morning 8. That was nearly as good a bargain as you get at Sechler's grocery.

——By reading Newman's notices, it will be seen that he is still pulling down prices in Clothing. If he keeps on, he will soon give Clothing away, for he is almost doing it now.

——The Salt river excursions are now in order since the Centennial has closed. Trunks are being packed and lively preparation is going on for the voyage. We knew somebody would have to go this time.

——Give Sechler a call, and see his fine grocery store. He keeps the best goods in the market.

——Mr. Wm. J. Alexander, of Spring Mills, who is a practical gardener, has sent us the following specimens of his success: A mangel wurtzel measuring 26 inches in length; some fine large onions, New Boes, raised from the seed, and a heavy bunch of dwarf white celery. These vegetables are from seeds from B. K. Bliss, N. Y.

——Wm. Wolf's goods go like hot potatoes. He has the most splendid stock in the county.

——Valuable farm of Philip Gramly, dec'd, in Miles, is advertised in the Reporter. Also several valuable farms of Thomas Huston, dec'd; also farm of John S. Forster. Also public sale sale of S. M. Ettinger. The Reporter is read more extensively in Centre county than any other paper, hence it the best medium for advertising sales or anything else.

——Newman will sell you a hat for 75c. that will cost you $1.00 at other stores. Try Newman and be convinced that he sells cheaper than anybody else in the county. tf

——Mr. J. M. Burkholder, of Miami county, Ohio, writes us, Oct., 31: "We have quite warm weather at present; a heavy thunder gust on 28, with some rain; grain fields mostly look well, although in some localities it seems the fly or other insects destroy some fields altogether. Had plenty of apples. The hog cholera is raging through the greater part of our county, some losing all their hogs. Corn crop good. Corn sells out of the field at 40; apples 20 to 50c.; hogs fat 4 to 4.75; beef 3 to 3½ cts."

——The election is over and some will rejoice because they were on the winning side. You can be on the side that *gains* all the time, if you get your groceries of Sechler & Co., headquarters for everything in that line.

——Mr. James Corrie, Dentist, in Baltimore, writes: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup personally an I in my family for two or three years, and am prepared to say that there is nothing to compare to it as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc."

——Newman, at the new Eagle Clothing Store, Bellefonte, will sell you a winter suit worth $9 for $6. Suits which sell at other stores for $17 at $13. Good suits at $7, $8 and $10. tf

——Mr. Jacob Dinges, of this place, has sold his farm lying about 1 mile south of Millheim, containing 112 acres, to Wm Wert, for $11060.

——Mr. Michael Spicher, of near this place, who has been blind for some two years, proceeded to Philadelphia, a few weeks ago to submit to treatment in Penna hospital. In a letter received by Dr. Smith last week, Mr. Spicher says, that through the skillful treatment which he has received, he is enabled to see quite well from one eye, and expects to have the same favorable result when operation has been performed upon his other eye. He is pleased with his quarters and treatment at the hospital. Hope he may soon return with sight perfectly restored.

——We have a report from J. B. Kramer, Sec'y of a largeand enthusiastic democratic meeting held at Madisonburg, on Monday night of last week which reached us too late for publication last week, and the election being over, omit it now.

——The Young Americas of Centre Hall, had two nights for hollow e'en. One night to turn things up-side down, with next night to turn them to rights again—a little document from the squire caused a big consternation among the boys.

ESTRAY.—A heifer 1½ years old, with slit in right ear, dark-red brindle color came to the premises of the undersigned. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay costs, and remove the same.
JAMES GRAMLEY
nov 2 Hublersburg

——Elegant Hair is woman's crowning beauty. When it fades, she fades as well. While it is kept bright, her personal attractions are still maintained. By preserving the hair fresh and vigorous a youthful appearance is continued through many years. Those who grieve over their fading hair turning gray too early should know that Ayer's Hair Vigor prevent it, and restores gray hair to its natural color. It is a clear and healthful preparation, containing neither oil, dye, nor anything deleterious, and imparts to the scalp what is most needed—a sense of pleasant and delightful freedom from scurf or dandruff.—New Berne (N. C.) Times.

——We have been informed by persons in whom we place implicit confidence, that the instruments manufactured by Mr. D. F. Beatty of the BEATTY PIANO and Beatty's Golden Tongue Parlor Organ notoriety, at Washington, N. J., are constructed by a corps of skillful workmen, who have been in his employ for years, and are noted for the great interest they take in promoting and maintaining the already enviable reputation of his instruments. His advertisements appear in this issue of our paper, it would be well for persons interested to examine them. 1m

A GOOD AND HANDSOME PROPERTY, in Millheim, is offered for sale at less than actual value. For further particulars address S. M. SWARTZ, Centre Hall, Pa. 19oct 2m.

BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale at Zerbe's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers.
aug tf. D. W. ZERBE.

S. MILLER, Fashionable Tailor, Aaronsburg. Shop few doors west of Dr. Brouse's 4may tf

——Haines, 94 majority for Tilden.

——Spigelmyer, of the cash store, is now in the city and will soon arrive with a stock of new goods.

——Newman at the new Clothing Store, Bellefonte, sells, fine Chinchilla cloth bound Overcoats, worth $18 for $12.50. Chinchilla Overcoats, worth $15 for $11. Best black beaver Overcoats at $13.50. Overcoats at $3.25 and upwards. He is bound to sell cheaper than anybody else in the county and he will do it. tf

——Hugh Larrimer of Centre Hill, has sold his store to Michael Strohm. Hugh was a good and clever merchant, and did the fair thing with customers. He will continue in the old stand a few months and give customers the best bargains in the county.

——Jas. Odenkirk has become a member of the firm of Cook and Kramer at Lemont, which will hereafter do business as Cook, Kramer & Co.

——Mrs Hutchinson, wife of A. Boyd Hutchinson, Esq., (daughter of Henry Keller, of Boalsburg) died at the home of her parents. Her funeral took place on Wednesday.

——Newman sells the cheapest and best underwear and gloves in Bellefonte. tf

——The Potter township Democrats did their duty nobly on Tuesday. Old gray-headed octogenarians were carried to the polls and voted for Tilden and reform. These aged patriots were anxious to do their country the last good service in their power. All honor to them. The cause which gains such devotion must certainly be a good one.

——Election day was a fine one. The night before there was considerable rain.

——When you go to town, remember Newman! Newman!! Newman!!! tf

——A bold attempt at murder and robbery was committed on 30 ult., upon James Neff, a son of Lafayette Neff, of near this place, as he was on his return from Milroy, whether he had gone with a load of grain. As he reached the junction of the road from Miller's sawmill with the pike, he observed a man with a hatchet at the edge of the woods hacking a tree and a few rods further another man who asked to ride along. Young Neff asked what he would give to be taken when the stranger drew a pistol and fired, the ball going through his coat collar on his left arm and through his left sleeve. His horses frightened and ran a short distance. As he reached the top of the mountain, another stranger approached and taking hold of the wagon looked in without uttering a word. These fellows were no doubt confederates and intended to rob. Persons traveling the Seven mountains should go armed.

SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.—The slave trade still prospers in Africa. Lieut. Cameron says that the whole of Africa is now one vast slave field. The slave trade is increasing and whole districts are desolated by it. He thinks that by opening up the country to commercial enterprise, and placing steamers on the Congo river much can be done toward destroying the inhuman traffic; and Mr. Young, who recently explored Lake Nyassa, says there are at least 20,000 slaves a year carried off from the shores of the lake. The population on the south and west were employed by the Arabs to make war with the tribes inland to the west and those that were captured were taken as slaves.

Geo. Williams aged twenty one, was shot and killed at St. Louis on Sunday by an unknown man, who took offense at some remarks made about a horse he was driving.

A MAIL PACKAGE CAST ON THE WATERS FOUR YEARS AGO.

Over four years ago a package valued at $50 was mailed at Lindenville to a post office in Pennsylvania, and as means of security had it registered; but somewhere on its passage it disappeared and could not be found. The case was investigated by special officers, and everything possible done to find the lost package, but without avail. Lindenville is a country post office and from there the mail is carried to Williamsfield, a railroad station, by a route agent, and in all cases registered mail matter has to be receipted for before he takes it away. In this case the Lindenville post master had a receipt from the agent, but as the agent had none from the Williamsfield postmaster the package could be traced no further. After a vigilant search the package was given up for lost, and the route agent was compelled to pay the loss. The matter was almost forgotten, until a few days ago the package turned up, and it had been all those years lying within an arm's length of the Williamsfield postmaster's desk. It had been received from the route agent in a small pouch, together with about forty letters, and as the pouch was an extra one, only occasionally used, it was by mistake hung upon a hook near the desk, and there having been no use for it since, it had been there all these years. One day last week the pouch was taken down for use, and its contents found intact.—Cleveland Herald.

Governor Hartranft has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 30th of November, a day of thanksgiving.

The Republican County Convention of New York city nominated a straight ticket with General Dix for Mayor.

Sitting Bull has again sent word that he is coming in and means to be friendly, but persists in his demand for ammunition.

FARM FOR SALE—

The undersigned offers at private sale 65 acres of land near the mountain, in the south of Potter twp., 75 acres are clear. Thereon erected a House, washhouse barn cornerib, and other outbuildings. An Orchard of choice fruit on the premises. It is one of the best fruit farms, and has running water thereon.
AND. JORDAN.
9 nov. 3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Sam'l Keller, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.
ELIZABETH KELLER.
9 nov 6t Adm'r.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—Two miles east of Reberaburg, Miles twp, Centre county, being the estate of Philip Gramly, deceased, containing

282 ACRES,

more or less; of which 110 acres consist of the finest quality of white oak, white pine, hemlock and chestnut timber. The balance is in excellent cultivation. The farm is well watered by Elk creek, and a certain Gap Run, the latter affording an excellent water power for saw and shingle mills. The buildings on the place consist of a large double Three Story House, Bank barn, 54 ft. by 132 ft. and all other necessary outbuildings. There is on the place a good young orchard of choice fruit. Also a seperate tract of

218 Acres of Timberland,

adjoining said farm, well timbered with pine and hemlock. If desired the farm would be subdivided to suit purchasers.

For particulars address, either
S. GRAMLY,
Reberaburg, Pa., or
R. KREAMER,
H. WOLF,
9 nov 6t Wolf's Store, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE—Will be sold at, the residence of the undersigned
At AARONSBURG, ON SATURDAY NOVEMBER 18, at one o'clock.
Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, 1 Ten plate Stove, Parlor stove, 2 Coal-stoves, Wood-chest, Sink, Tubs, Meat vessels, Scalding-trough. 1 on-kettle.
TWO SPRING WAGONS,
Truck Sled, Family Sleigh, Weaving looms.

Potatoes By The Bushel,

and many other articles. Terms will be made known on day of sale.
nov 9 S. M. ETTINGER.

VICTORY!
Tilden Elected!!

This is the rooster that pronounces the triumph of Tilden and Reform, and that the plunderers have been kicked out, never to get back again.

Centre Co. Election —1876.

Old Centre acquitted herself nobly. We have rolled up a largely increased majority. Thanks to the democracy—thanks to such honest republicans as were tired of misrule and plunder, and voted for honesty and reform.

The following are returns of the election on Tuesday as far as received:

1876 BOROUGHS AND TWP'S	President. Tilden	Hayes	Assembly. Alexander	Weaver	M. Parlane	Zeigler
Bellefonte (W. W....	00	00	00	00	00	00
S. W....	00	000	00	000	00	000
N. W....	000	00	000	00	000	00
Milesburg b.	00	00	00	00	00	00
Unionville b.	00	00	00	00	00	00
Howard b....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Philipsburg	00	00	00	000	00	000
Boggs.....	000	000	000	000	000	000
Benner.....	00	000	00	00	00	00
Burnside.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Curtin.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Ferguson.....	00	000	00	000	00	000
Gregg.....	293	67	282	287	70	61
Haines.....	208	114	00	000	00	000
Halfmoon.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Harris.....	000	000	000	000	000	000
Howard.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Huston.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Liberty.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Marion.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Miles.....	00	000	297	278	53	52
Patton.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Penn.....	285	31	280	258	54	33
Potter.....	000	127	329	455	157	107
Rush.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Snow Shoe...	00	00	00	00	00	00
Spring.....	000	000	000	000	000	000
Taylor.....	00	00	00	20	00	00
Union.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Walker.....	00	000	00	000	00	000
Worth.....	00	00	00	00	00	00
Total.....	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000
Majorities..	000	000	000			0000

Congress—Miles, Mackey 288; Lincoln 51. Penn, Mackey 282; Lincoln 31.

Senate—Miles, Peale 282; Thompson 52. Penn, Peale 279; Thompson 32.

Jury Commissioner—Miles, Rishel 296; Keller 53. Penn, Rishel 265; Keller 32.

Judge—Miles, Divins 277, Frank 280; Baker 41, Odenkirk 35.

President—Gregg, Tilden 293; Hayes 67.

Philadelphia about 15,000 for Hayes, and the Republican candidate for Sheriff defeated.

Potter, Gregg, Penn, Haines and Miles did well. Penn has the largest majority.

Centre county goes Democratic by about 1000 majority, and the whole county ticket elected.

Republicans make considerable gains in Boggs and Spring.

This is the gallant little chick that crows over 1000 majority for Tilden in Centre county, and can knock the feathers off of any Hayes chicken between Philipsburg and Woodward.

Triumph of the People!!!

Thieves to make place for honest men.

The result indicates a glorious triumph of the democracy,—the victory of the American people since the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown.

New York city gives Tilden 71,000 majority, and the state is democratic.

All the southern states have gone for Tilden except South Carolina which is doubtful.

Indiana for Tilden by 15,000.
New Jersey and Connecticut for Tilden.
Ohio about 8000 for Hayes.
Illinois for Hayes.
Pennsylvania close and probably for Hayes.
Tilden has enough to elect him and New York to spare.
Tilden has already over 200 electors, and is elected by a large majority.
Old Berks bear 7000 dem. majority.

This is the gun that held the Fort on Tuesday, and whose shot knocked down Grantism, Cameronism, and Belknapism and scattered the plunderers.

This is the hat that Don Cameron said he'd tear up if Hayes was elected by his bayonet order. It is the hat his dad wore when he won the high title of chief of the Winnebagoes. His address is now Salt river.

This is a sample of the instruments used by Grant, Cameron, and John J. Patterson to force southern states to vote for Hayes. "Bayonets is played out."

ESTRAY.—A heifer came on the premises of F. F. Jamison in Gregg twp. about the middle of September. It is about 2 years old, of a red color, with small white spots. The owner is requested to call, prove property, pay costs and remove the same. J. W. RUNKLE.
Town Clerk of Gregg twp.

Even the Indians at the trading posts rejoice and congratulate each other that there is an end of Belknapery and selling of post-traderships, by which the red man and the white Settler on the frontier was robbed and plundered.

This is our astronomer, whom we have employed to search all over creation and the rest of mankind, for Hayes' majorities. He reports nix cum raus—Hayes ausgespielt.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office, for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county on Wednesday, the 28th day of November, A. D., 1876, for confirmation and allowance.

The account of Joseph Carson, administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits of George Carlin, late of Potter twp, dec'd.

The account of D. M. Wagner, guardian of Geo. A. Thompson, a minor child of Wm. A. Thompson, late of Centre county, dec'd.

The first partial account of Jacob Bower, administrator of etc. of David Corman, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The account of A. E. Clemson, administrator de bonus non of the estate of Sol. Gates, late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The account of A. E. Clemson, guardian of Lydia Ray, minor child of David Ray, late of Ferguson twp, dec'd.

The account of J. S. Dauberman, executor of the last will and testament of John Dauberman, late of Potter twp, dec'd.

The partial account of Joseph Roller and Elizabeth Roller, executors of etc. of John Roller, late of Benner twp, dec'd.

The account of Adam Hoy, executor of etc. of Wm. G. Williams, late of the borough of Bellefonte, deceased.

The account of Robert Kendall, guardian of the minor children of Daniel Garner late of Harris twp, dec'd.

The account of S. H. Miller, administrator of etc. of Theodore Miller, late of the borough of Howard, dec'd.

The account of Nathan J. Mitchell, administrator of the estate of Samuel Leathers, late of Howard borough, dec'd.

The account of James Martin, administrator of etc. of John Martin, late of the borough of Bellefonte, dec'd.

The account of Absalom Lipton, guardian of Henry Hoy, minor son of Henry Hoy, late of Marion twp, dec'd.

The account of Chas. Ribge, guardian of Mary Krouse, now Mrs. Alfred Dinges of Gregg twp.

The account of H. H. Vandyke, testamentary trustee under the will of Henry Vandyke, dec'd, of Alexander Vandyke now deceased.

The second partial account of Peter Hoffer and Carrie E. Wolf, administrators of etc. of Simon S. Wolf, late of Potter twp, dec'd.

Register's Office, } W. E. BURCHFIELD,
Bellefonte, } Register.
October 28, 1876.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the account of Adam Hoy and A. G. Curtin, assignees of Schad, Seigworth & Co., has been filed in the court of Common Pleas of Centre county, and will be presented for confirmation at Nov. term, next. A. WILLIAMS,
Prothy.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Will be sold on the premises, 1½ miles east of Centre Hall,
ON SATURDAY, NOV. 18, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate belonging to the estate of Jacob Meese, dec'd, a lot of ground in the township of Potter, containing

Two Acres and 90 perches

of the very best land and in the highest state of cultivation. Thereon erected a good two story HOUSE, STABLE and BLACKSMITH SHOP, and all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water, and choice fruit.

TERMS—One half of the purchase money to be paid at confirmation of sale, the balance in one year thereafter, to be secured by bond and mortgageon the premises. JOHN SHANNON.
oct12 Adm'r

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold on the premises, in Potter twp, on SATURDAY, NOV. 11th, at 1 o'clock, the following real estate, of Peter Stuffler, dec'd.

A tract of land, situate in said township, bounded north by land of Jacob Moyer, east by David Swab, and south by Jacob Moyer and public road, and west by Henry Shadow, containing

4 ACRES,

and 91 perches, theren a LOG HOUSE, FRAME STABLE, FRUIT AND RUNNING WATER.

TERMS—One half of purchase money on confirmation of sale, the balance in one year with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.
FELIX STIFFLER,
12oct Adm'r,

EXECUTOR'S PRIVATE SALE. The undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of Thomas Huston, late of Walker township, Centre co., Pa., deceased, offer the property known as the "Junction," at private sale.

This property is situated in Walker twp, at the intersection of the Millheim and Bald Eagle turnpike with the public road leading from Bellefonte to Lock Haven, about midway between the two places. Containing about 37 acres of land with a large DWELLING HOUSE, STORE ROOM, and the necessary outbuildings, all in good order and repair; there is also a fine young Orchard of choice fruit in good bearing condition on the premises. This property is suitable for a private residence, or as a place of public business and common resort; has no equal in the county.

A tract of land, adjoining the Junction tract, containing about 10 ACRES, well located and desirable for a small home is also offered for sale, together with

FOUR FINE FARMS,

one of them now occupied by Samuel Showers, containing about 207 ACRES; one occupied by Mortimer McClintoc, containing about 189 ACRES; One occupied by James Huston, containing about 185 ACRES, all situated contigous to the property first described in Walker twp, and the other occupied by Michael Corman, containing 246 ACRES, and 9 perches, neat measure, near the village of Jacksonville, in Marion twp.

These farms are limestone land of the finest quality, and in a good state of cultivation, well supplied with timber, water, and fruit, with good buildings erected on each. The farms occupied by Showers, McClintoc, and Huston, abound in

Iron Ore of the Finest Quality,

in paying quantities a vein being now profitably worked by Messrs. Irwin & McCoy of this county, on one of them.

The premises above mentioned will be sold as designated, or in such tracts as may suit the wants of purchasers, where the location is such as to warrant a division of the same.

Persons desirous of purchasing any of the above described premises, will please apply to either of the undersigned, who will take pleasure in showing them the same, when terms and conditions will be made known.
JAMES HUSTON, Nittany, Pa.
JAMES P. COBURN, Aaronsburg.
sept 28 3m Executors.

LOST.—On April 8, 1876, between Centre Hall and Penn Hall, a mink Fur Muff. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office. oct26 4t

San Francisco, Oct. 31.—John H. Lick to day filed in the probate court a petition to the appointed administrator of the estate of his father, the late James Lick. This is the first definite information of his designs.

MARRIAGES.

On 2, inst., by Rev. Fischer, Mr. Thomas Auman of Penn Hall, and Miss Sarah Sanderson of Millheim.

On 12, ult., by Rev. J. M. Price, Mr. R. C. Deibl and Miss Sallie Motz, daughter of Samuel Motz, both of Woodward.

On 29, at the Luth. Parsonage in Hublersburg, Mr. Geo. W. Council to Miss Ella E. Allison, both of Howard.

On 8, Mr. Franklin Lutz, of Logan Mills, to Miss Perie Helpman of Mill Hall.

DEATHS.

On 27, in Baoneville, Samuel Wolf, son of Henry and Christia Wolf, aged 9 years, 7 months and 29 days.

His death is one that will not soon be forgotten by his little friends. On Monday, 23d, he sat with his school mates to learn; in the evening on his way going home he hung on a wagon with his school mates. The wagon was loaded with corn fodder. His hold giving way he was thrown under the wheels and run over; he was badly bruised. It is supposed the wheels ran over his body and head. He suffered four days of the injuries before he was called to eternity. Sunday before he filled his place among his school mates in Sabbath School, and this Sabbath he was carried to the grave-yard asleep in peace. J. P. C.

MARKETS.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS, reported by Shortlidge & Co.

White Wheat, $1 15.
Red Wheat, $1 10.
Rye, 55c.
Corn, old, 40c.
" new, 40c.
Oats, 25c.
Cloverseed, choice, $8 00.
Potatoes, retail, $1 25.
Buckwheat, 50c.
Flour, per barrel, wholesale, $5 50.
" retail, $6 00.
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, $11 50, per ton.
Cayuga, $9 50.

MILROY MARKET REPORT.—Oct. 17, by Sample & McNitt:

Wheat, white, $1 12.
Wheat, red, $1 08.
Corn, 45.
Oats, 22 to, 28.
Rye, 55.
Cloverseed, $6.50.
Ground Alum Salt, $1.50.
Butter, 22. to 28
Eggs, 18.

Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, manufacturer and proprietor of the Beatty Piano and Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, Washington, N. J., is certainly a very reasonable and generous man to transact business with. He makes this very fair proposition to any who may favor him with an order, as follows: "If the instrument does not prove satisfactory after a test trial of five days after receiving it the purchase money will be refunded upon the return of the instrument, and he will pay freight charges both ways." This is certainly an exceeding, generous, and safe manner in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement. July 20 y

MARKET
Report Of Prices
OF
F. G. FRANCISCUS,
LEWISTOWN, PA.,
FOR CASH.

Turpentine, 40 cts.
Linseed Oil, 62 cts.
White Lead, $10.50.
Nails, $3.25 per keg.
Bar Iron, 2½ cts.
COOKING STOVES, 7 in., $16 00; 8 in., $21,00; 9 in., $25.00.
ROOM STOVES, BEST ANTI-CLINKERS, PATENT FLUES, 10 in., $10.00; 11 in., $12.00; 12 in., $15.000.
ROOM COAL STOVES, $4 to $10.00.
Galvanized Coal Buckets, 50 cts.
Galvanized Coal Shovels, 10 cts.
Fire Brick, 75 cts.
Coal Grates, $1.00.
Always for sale the best and Cheapest Cooking and Room Stoves in the Market.
F. G. FRANCISCUS.
Lewistown, Sept. 20, 1876. sept 28

ALWAYS AHEAD!!

Our POPULARITY For Low Prices Is Daily On The Increase.

Having purchased the largest Stock of Goods in our line ever brought to Bellefonte, we are offering extra inducements to buyers.

MEN'S SUITS FOR $5 AND UP. MEN'S OVERCOATS, $3.50 UP.
MUSLINS FROM 5c A YARD UP. LADIES' HOSE, 5c A PAIR UP.
LADIES' COATS, SHAWLS, TRIMMINGS, HATS, AND FANCY GOODS IN GREAT VARIETY AND AT THE VERY BOTTOM PRICES.

MEN'S BOOTS AT $2 A PAIR. LADIES' FINE SHOES $1 A PAIR.
MEN'S HATS AS LOW AS 75 CENTS. A FULL SUIT OF UNDERWEAR FOR 50c
AND ALL OTHER GOODS AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

BOUGHT AT ALL TIMES. GIVE US A CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

GIVE US A CALL WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN--REMEMBER THE PLACE

—THE OLD ESTABLISHED STAND OF Apr 27

S. & A. LOEB.

HARDWARE AND STOVES!!

COMPLETE LINE OF ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE.

SPEARS, ANTI CLINKER, SILVER MOON, PARLOR STOVES, THE BEST IN THE MARKET. THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL IT IN SERVICE OR BEAUTY. Price reduced to suit the times.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK STOVES IMPROVED, ANTI-CLINKER, GRATE AND REVERSIBLE TOP PLATES. Warranted the best baker in the market.

SOVEREIGN PORTABLE RANGES, can attach a water-back for heating water in Bath Room, very little higher than ordinary Cook Stoves, and good bakers. We also have a full line of cheap and medium price PARLOR STOVES. Prices to suit the trade.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BROTHER,
Bellefonte, Pa.

BREONS' HOTEL,
MILROY, PA.
The best table and bar, and excellent stabling for horses. Also a fine resort for summer boarders. Bus to depot, and daily stages to Centre county. Charges reasonable. GEO. BREON, Prop'r.

Sample & McNitt.
MILROY, PA.
PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE FOR
All Kinds of Grain.
ALSO
Always on hand and at lower prices than elsewhere.
COAL, PLASTER AND SALT.
Farmers of Centre mind the place.
21 sept tf.

Wolf's Old Stand.
AT
AT CENTRE HALL,
Magnificent Stock of Fall and Winter Goods.
One Price! Low Price!
POLITE ATTENTION!

Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.
Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.
A LARGE STOCK OF
READY - MADE CLOTHING
constantly on hand.

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.
Remember, we have but one price for everyone.
WM. WOLF.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls can earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business we make this unparalleled offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

J. L. SPANGLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Bush & Yocum. Consultation in English and German. Collections promptly attended to. feb5-tf

CENTRE HALL
DRUG STORE.
J. C. MILLER.
(Successor to J. K. Miller & Son.)
Dealer in Pure Drugs and Medicines, Dye stuffs, and Druggist's sundries.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS
For medicinal purposes.
The best brands of
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
always in stock.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
J. C. MILLER

IRA T. COTTLE.
Fashionable Tailor.
Centre Hall.
Having opened rooms on the 2nd floor of Gift & Flory's building he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boy's garments, according to the latest styles, and upon shortest notice, and all work warranted to render satisfaction. Cutting and repairing done. 7sept y

J. & J. HARRIS,
NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.
HARDWARE,
IRON, NAILS,
Paints
OILS, ETC.,
J. & J. HARRIS,
Bellefonte.

NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND
Panic Prices.
H. A. LARRIMER.
at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of
NEW GOODS,
OLD FASHIONED PRICES!
A large variety of Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in Muslins and Calicoes
Ready-made Clothing Warranted to Suit
His Cloths and Cassimers, Cant be excelled
His Grocery Department,
Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department.
☞Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.
☞No trouble to show Goods.☜
Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.
Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.
He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. may8-72tf

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The undersigned now manufactures Cement Warranted of a superior quality, at six kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. The cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. R. R., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufactured for use in Cisterns, Water Pipes, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable. This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also that he warrants the article as represented. J. G. MEYER,
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RE-OPENED!
A NEW THING IN AN OLD PLACE.
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late the property of James C. Williams, on Allegheny street, next door to Hicks' hardware emporium, has been re-opened for business and is being rapidly re-stocked and fitted out with the best and most popular
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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Thin Seeding of Wheat.

The first instance we shall adduce as to thin seeding, says an English paper, is that of Jethro Tull, who, about the beginning of the last century, occupied a farm of two hundred acres of his own, which he cultivated on perfectly novel principles, the first and foremost of which was, "that thorough tillage is competent, with or without manure, to secure the profitable growth of any given species of cultivated plant year after year in succession." This theory he carried into practice for upward of thirty years with so much success that, instead of impoverishing the soil, he let off a part of it at one-third more rent than had previously been given for it. He introduced the practice more recently adopted by the late Mr. Smith, of Lois Weedon, of sowing half the land in portions of three feet, embracing three rows, having unsown intervals of the same breadth between them, and he found that he could grow heavier crops on half the land than his neighbors did on the whole. Mr. Smith, too, practiced this plan for nearly twenty years, and produced on half the land from thirty-five to forty bushels of wheat per half acre. The amount of seed sown was from one to two pecks per acre, no more being ever applied.

Mr. Hallett, of Brighton, offers another example of this seeding. His farm or farms consists of about six hundred acres, a considerable portion of which consists of "down" land, having from four to six inches of soil lying on a chalk subsoil. It is unnecessary to go at length into the system adopted by Mr. Hallett, whose object is to produce a quality of wheat founded, like cattle, on an authentic pedigree. His system embraces thin seeding as a first principle. Thus, sown early, one hundred acres are seeded at the rate of one bushel to six acres, while the latest sowing is one bushel per acre. Mr. Hallett's neighbors seed at the rate of three bushels per acre; he, therefore, saves in seed alone from one hundred and eighty to two hundred and eighty bushels. As a sample of what may be done by this system, Mr. Hallett hired a large field belonging, we believe, to the corporation at Brighton. It was such a barren spot as to be considered actually incapable of growing wheat. We saw this field under wheat seeded at the rate of one peck per acre, the product of which was a crop of forty-eight bushels per acre. One good effect of thin seeding is the entire absence of "under corn"—that is, weak and short plants holding inferior ears and containing thin and imperfect grain. Heavy seeding always produces this defect; which detracts from both the quality and quantity of the return. There was no such under corn in Mr. Hallett's crop, the ears being all one height, and as level on the top as a table.

Another case is that of Mr. Piper, an Essex miller and farmer, who for twenty-five consecutive years grew wheat every year without manure, except a dressing of soot, and without plowing the land, using only a hoe to scuffle in the seed, and planting in at the rate of one and one-quarter pecks per acre. It was said that the produce exceeded by a quarter (eight bushels) per acre more than obtained by the neighboring farmers, and in one season reached to seven quarters per acre.

An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet; three bushels of wheat contain at the rate of Mr. Miller's wheat, 1,852,554 grains, which divided by 43,560, the number of square feet in the acre, gives forty-two grains of seed to the square foot! Is it surprising that frequent failures of the crop should occur with such crowding of plants which, like human beings, can only be healthy and strong with plenty of room to develop their productive faculties?

Orchard and Nursery.

In all localities where the autumns are long and mild, it is decidedly better to plant trees, except stone fruits, in the fall. The soil is in better condition, and the work can be more thoroughly done than in the uncertain weather of spring. The trees should be set as soon as the free falling of the leaves shows that their duties are over; if set soon, the trees will become well established, or "get a good hold of the soil," as gardeners say, before winter sets in. Even if spring planting is preferred, it is better to procure trees now and heel them in, to be in readiness for setting next spring; transportation is much safer at this season, and this plan will save much anxiety and hurry. A mound of earth a foot high, raised around each three before the ground freezes, will serve better than a stake, and help protect it from mice. Prepare the land for spring planting.

HEELING IN.—There is a wrong and a right way with this. If a bundle of trees is dumped into a hole, with some earth thrown carelessly over the roots, probably the majority will be found dead in the spring. The right way is to open a wide trench twelve or eighteen inches deep, place in the trees singly at an angle of forty-five degrees or more, and cover the roots of each with mellow soil, taking care to fill in around completely, leaving no spaces, and finish by banking up well, and provide a channel for the water to run off. The trees should lean toward the south, so that the branches will shade the trunks; if mice are troublesome, it is better to stand the trees upright, and bank the earth all around them. When heeling in is well done, the trees will pass the winter as safely as if in the nursery, and they are at hand whenever planting can be done.

SEEDS.—Prepare beds for sowing seeds of such fruit and ornamental trees as require to be sown at once, as many require the action of the frost to insure their germinating. Seedlings from seeds sown last spring, may be taken up and heeled in, to prevent injury from the heaving of the soil, or be well mulched with leaves.

Nursery rows may be manured by opening a furrow between them, into which well rotted manure is put and covered. Turn light furrows toward the rows, to throw the water away from them.

Harvest the late apples and pears, and barrel them, but do not put them in the cellar until the weather becomes cold. This year much of the fruit must be examined and assorted before sending to market.

Drying of fruits should be continued; where there is no drying apparatus, arrange racks near the kitchen stove to use in damp weather.

SHADE TREES.—Most varieties of shade trees, except evergreens, may be set out now. Don't forget to plant a "centennial" tree.

MANURE.—People are slowly learning that fruit cannot be taken from the land year after year without making a return, and that unless the orchard is manured, it in time becomes nearly useless. Stable manure, ashes, lime, or bones, are all valuable, and may be applied now or in spring.—*Agriculturist.*

Fruit Garden.

The late varieties of pears and grapes and the quinces having been harvested, the main work now is to prepare for the next season's crop.

PEARS.—Store in a cool room on shelves or in shallow boxes, not exposed to light, and consume or market as they ripen. The late sorts may be treated like winter apples; when they begin to soften bring them into a warmer room to finish.

GRAPES.—Only a few varieties keep well, and are best kept by packing in five pound boxes, after they have been picked a few days; keep at a uniform low temperature. After the fruit is gathered, the vines should be pruned before cold weather, and tender kinds laid down and covered with earth.

STRAWBERRIES.—If cultivated in rows, the runners should be kept cut off. Apply a dressing of well rotted manure between the rows. Set out plants for new beds in rich soil.

Blackberries and raspberries do best when set in the fall, that they may get well established and commence growing early in the spring. Set blackberries in rows eight feet apart, and six feet in the rows. Raspberries need not be planted so far apart; four feet each way is a convenient distance.—*Agriculturist.*

Remedy for Damp Walls.

The following is a remedy for damp walls: Three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap to one gallon of water. This composition to be laid over the brickwork steadily and carefully with a large flat brush, so as not to form a froth or lather on the surface. The wash to remain twenty-four hours to become dry. Mix a half pound of alum with four ounces of water; leave it to stand for twenty-four hours, and then apply it in the same manner over the coating of soap. Let this be done in dry weather. In the case of the stone walls the following ingredients, melted and mixed together, and applied hot to the surface of stone, will prevent all damp from entering, and vegetable substance from growing upon it: One and a half pounds rosin, one pound Russian tallow, one quart linseed oil. This simple remedy has been proved upon a piece of very porous stone, made into the form of a basin, and two coats of this liquid being applied caused it to hold water as well as any earthenware.

The Business Outlook.

Commenting on the report of failures for the last quarter, the New York *Tribune* says: It is noteworthy, too, that the average indebtedness of insolvent firms has materially increased in Illinois and Missouri, in New York State outside of the city, in Connecticut and in Wisconsin, while there has been no considerable change in Massachusetts. A large decrease in Pennsylvania, Louisiana and California, and a moderate decrease in Ohio and Rhode Island, may perhaps indicate a more healthy condition of business, and it is not impossible that it may be due, as in New York city in part, to the dullness of business, and the inability to employ borrowed money advantageously.

The circular properly calls attention to the fact that the improvement in business did not appear until the quarter had nearly ended, so that it could not be expected to affect the return of failures. Beyond question, the three months of July, August and September, if we except a part of the latter month, were decidedly more trying to firms with impaired capital and credit than any other period since the immediate force of the panic was spent. There is much reason to hope that improvement in trade may bring less discouraging returns for the last quarter of the year, but even as to this it is well not to indulge in excessive confidence.

The truth is that these returns of failures are proof that weak and unsound firms are being pushed out of the overcrowded ranks. In many departments we have too many persons trying to do business. Thousands are competing for the traffic which hundreds could do quite as well, and with profit to all instead of loss to most. The rigorous laws of nature correct this evil by forcing the less competent to withdraw. More room remains; the firms which excel in strength or connections or skill have a larger traffic placed within reach; the same exchanges, performed by fewer persons, can be performed with more economy and with narrower margins of profit. So the country gains because of the weeding out process. The change is harsh and unwelcome, but it is necessary. The very returns which show that 7,000 individuals have suffered prove that the country is in a better position to transact its business with economy and profit.

Discipline at Annapolis.

Several young men have been expelled from the academy at Annapolis because "they will not tell who did it." In the theory of discipline their act is an offense; in the theory of schoolboys the world over their act is one of generous devotion and lofty virtue. Is there any theory or any line of conduct on which these two can be reconciled? Evidently not. It is not possible at school any more than elsewhere in the world to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds at the same time. Persons responsible for the good order and discipline of colleges of every grade have pretty well made up their minds that some old fashioned but one sided and ruffianly sports of the students must be stopped; and that resolution is so evidently just that all reasonable steps which may be deemed necessary to give it effect must be regarded as good. The supremacy of order in an institution of learning is of more consequence than the fate of half a dozen students; and if practical jokes of a barbarous nature can be stopped anywhere they may be certainly in a school where the relation of pedagogue and pupil is assimilated by the nature of the case to that officer and soldier. But we would simply call attention to a peculiar, practical result in the case. Here are some scores of gentlemen who should be upon in the future to serve the country in battle, and we should stimulate in them the generous and gallant qualities of human nature. But what do we do? There are two groups, those who are found out and those who are not. To defend those who are not found out, and who are commonly the leaders, the others "die game." To be equally generous the undiscovered should, as soon as the case was seen to be critical, disclose themselves; come fairly out, acknowledge their act and "stand the racket." It is cowardly to do otherwise, and they do otherwise. They remain in the school; the gallant boys, the victims of a mistaken sense of honor, are expelled. Thus the discipline of the school discriminates against the very qualities which the school should endeavor to cultivate.—*New York Herald.*

The Marquis of Tweeddale.

Lord Tweeddale, whose death was lately announced by cable, was born in 1787, and was thus thirteen when the parliamentary union with Ireland took place, which now seems such a long time ago. He succeeded his father when only seventeen, and entering the army saw much service. He was aide-de-camp to Wellington, always fond of having young men of rank about him, in the peninsula, and was wounded at Busaco in 1810. In after years Lord Tweeddale was made a field marshal, and colonel of the Second Life Guards. He was not in private life a man of any particular merit. His temper was arbitrary, and as a father he did not shine. He had a very large family—no less than thirteen children. The fourth daughter married the present Duke of Wellington, and was in former years well known as the beautiful Lady Douro, to whom her father-in-law was so devoted. The youngest is the wife of Sir Robert Peel. Lord Tweeddale's oldest son, George, Earl of Gifford, married in October, 1862, the mother of Lord Dufferin, and died within ten weeks of his marriage. This marriage was of the most romantic character. One of Lord Tweeddale's theories, which he carried into practice, was that a peer's eldest son could almost dispense with education, and thus it came about that Lord Gifford grew up imperfectly educated. Becoming acquainted with Lord Dufferin, he was introduced to his mother, one of the gifted granddaughters of Sheridan, and began in the accomplished society which surrounded her to feel painfully conscious of his deficiencies. Aided and encouraged by her, the young man went to work, and soon made up for lost time; but meanwhile he conceived for his instructress the deepest devotion. Lady Dufferin, however, being many years his senior, persistently declined his repeated offers of marriage, but at length he fell into ill health, and it became evident that his days on earth would be few. At his urgent entreaty, therefore, that he might see her bear his name, Lady Dufferin at last consented to become Countess of Gifford. Ten weeks later Lady Gifford was again a widow.

THE GRAIN TRADE.—The grain trade in England is agitated by the serious aspect of the Eastern question. If Russia shall precipitate war, the effect will, of course, be to check its grain exports. England will then have to look to the United States for the chief part of the supply which it is accustomed to get from Russia.

This Day Last Year.

This day last year—was not the same thrush singing?
We stayed our talk and hushed our breath to hear;
The bird's note quivered through our silent rapture,
And broke upon our hearts—this day last year.

Silent we watched the self-same shadows deepen
'Neath the young leaves that caught the straying light;
Each bud, each blossom, brought its tithe of gladness,
Even the happy tears that blurred my sight.

Mutely we breathed the language of hands clasping;
No need for murmured vows or low replies;
Each sun-flecked leaf, each sudden shadow passing,
Cast some vague memory to our dreaming eyes.

To-day I crave no thought of vanished sweetness,
I do not ask for my lost love again;
Only that some one throb of wakened yearning
May thrill the numbness of my heart to pain.

I strain my ear. The song has lost its secret.
My heart stirs not; my weary eyes are dry.
I pray for tears, where once I dreamt but gladness;
Has life—has death itself—a sadder cry?

NORA AND JAMESY.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor this simple stone was erected by his fellow workmen."

These words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above one poor and humble man.

In the shabby frieze jacket and mud laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin and hardware shop, one day, and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages till I could do better; and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawn declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and, with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of the fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man; "but I'd be wishing to; that 'ud make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor; I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen—lazy, good for nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing 'em over in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly; "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get; and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open with an English halfpenny upon it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawn, arrested by the old speech, as he turned upon his heel and looked back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "Oh, master, thry me. How'l they ever come to me if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it—and me with arms like them!"

He bared his arms to the shoulders as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for the week," he said; "and now, as it's noon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get you your dinner—a hungry man can't work."

And with an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bown, untying his apron, went upstairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually, at the end of the week, he was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance. "Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for the clothes, them I have must do me—better no clothes to me back than no wife and no boy to me fireside; anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink, made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement and share their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay the long looked for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way—a martyr to his own great wish—living on little, working at night on an extra job by which he could earn a few shillings, by running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen of his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawn at pay day set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than at first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it day and night, until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing and understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

At first the men who prided themselves on turning out the best work in the city made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But it won their hearts at last, and when, one day, mounting a work bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red 'kerchief, before their eyes and shouted: "Look, boys, I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoroo! I've got it!" all felt a sort of sympathy in his joy.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coldly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend his ten minutes in the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Baker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for Nora's mantlepiece. And there was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power.

And the days flew by and brought a letter at last from his wife. "She would start as he desired, and she was well, and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms and bless those who had been so kind to him." This was the substance of the epistle, which Connor proudly assured his fellow workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl with a certain good old lady, who had given her an education, the items of which Connor told upon his fingers. "The radin,' that's one, and the writin', that's three, and moreover she knows all a woman can." Then he looked up at his fellow workmen, with the tears in his eyes, and asked:

"Do you wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was—Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the "Stormy Petrel" had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen of men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like o' that in the ould counthry," he said. "But she'll know how to kape them tidy."

Then he led the way toward the dock where the steamer lay, at a pace which made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of immigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amidst those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, eagerly, but patiently; but by-and-bye growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said. "She'd be lost entirely. I bade her wait; but I don't see her boy. I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a moment he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor. "But maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked:

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, your honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said, huskily:

"Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" said Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials. God sends them. Yes, Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to the lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We had illness on board—the cholera. You know that?"

"I didn't," said Connor; "I can't read—they kept it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one man, in a half whisper.

"You know how long we laid at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did you say Nora went ashore? I ought to be lookin for her, captain."

"Many died," went on the captain—"many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick"—

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could; but at last he died—only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking upon the water. It's his father I think of," said she; 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill, very suddenly. She grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Conner I died thinking of him,' she said; 'and tell him to meet me.' And, my good man, God help you. She never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up trying to steady himself, looking at the captain with his eyes as dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends:

"I've got my death, boys," he said and then dropped to the floor like a log

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home in the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There, at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawn bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've larnt one thing—God is good. He would not bring Nora over to me, but He's taking me over to her and Jamesy—over the river—don't you see it—and her—standing on the other side—to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—God only knows. And so he died.

The English Corn Trade.

The *Mark Lane Express*, in a review of the British corn trade, says the amount of moisture in the north has again been excessive; harvesting consequently proceeds very slowly. Such cereals as have been carried in in an unsatisfactory condition are likely to suffer further detriment in stack. In the midlands a considerable quantity of beans is yet unsecured, carting having been entirely stopped by the continuous rainfall. In Ireland the weather has been better and the cereal harvest is now fairly over. As it has been impossible to thrash freely of late the supplies of wheat at the principal markets have again been light, and the bulk in a damp and inferior condition. Such qualities only have been salable at a decline of a shilling per quarter; even then the trade has been slack. The week's imports of foreign wheat into London have again been light. It is noticeable that there were no arrivals from the United States or Canada. The imports for the first five weeks of the cereal year were 3,631,842 cwt., against 7,840,733 cwt. for the corresponding period last year. These facts enforce the opinion that unless America and Russia ship much more freely than of late prices must rise further in order to attract the necessary supplies from abroad. The more serious aspect of the Eastern question for some days has perhaps somewhat influenced buyers. Russia's going to war would doubtless cause considerable excitement in the grain trade, as short shipments of red wheat from America and elsewhere render the Russian supply for the time being our main reliance. The local trade is almost unchanged, buyers and sellers alike awaiting political events. There were very limited arrivals of floating cargoes at all the ports of call during the past week. Red wheats have consequently firmly maintained prices; white advanced a shilling per quarter. Maize, with continued large shipments from America, ruled quiet and unchanged.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

Four boilers exploded at the Carbon Hill coal mines, a few miles from Richmond, Va., killing two men and fatally wounding another, besides wrecking a number of buildings. Cold water was introduced into the boilers when they were hot and empty..... The authorities of Savannah have issued an address to their benefactors throughout the Union, thanking them for the munificent help which has been extended to the yellow fever sufferers during their wretchedness; and announcing that no further aid is required..... A $600,000 fire at Louisville, Ky., destroyed the wholesale houses of Hecht & Harris, Davis & Haden, Carson, David & Co., and A. Levy, besides doing great damage to other establishments..... The Indians are still marauding on the plains and killing all whom they can in safety..... The plague broke out among the Servians at Agan-glovats and 318 of them succumbed before the malady ceased..... The owner of Tom Ochiltree has offered to run him against Ten Broeck. The race to be four miles and the stakes $10,000 a side..... Wm. Davidson and Luke Walsh, while wrestling in a New York brewery, fell against the railing about a hatchway, and were precipitated several stories, from which death resulted.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee held its tenth annual meeting in Washington, presided over by Gen. Sherman. Among the exercises was the unveiling of an equestrian statue erected to the memory of Gen. McPherson..... Wheat has advanced in price on the Chicago market in consequence of the probability of Russia being engaged in the Turkish war..... The health officer of Savannah has published a letter advising people who have left the city not to return at present..... Mrs. Irene House, on trial at Trenton, N. J., for the murder of her husband, the notorious divorce lawyer, was acquitted by the jury..... Hon. Francis P. Blair, one of the political leaders of the past, and father of Montgomery and the late Frank P. Blair, died at Silver Springs, Md., aged eighty-five years. He was the founder of the Washington *Globe* and all his life was a prominent man in the country..... Sitting Bull has had the audacity to send an envoy to one of the agencies to ask permission of the government for his braves to come in and trade for ammunition. The envoy claims to have been in the Custer fight, and says that while the white men fought with the utmost bravery, there was no chance for them, as there were so many Indians on the ground that they could not all participate..... By the loss of the British ship Rydal Hall, near San Francisco, nine of her crew were drowned..... The aggregate vote on the State ticket in Indiana is 433,303, of which Mr. Williams, Dem., received 218,098; Mr. Harrison, Rep., 207,977, and Mr. Harrington, Ind., 12,226. Williams' majority over Harrison is 5,119. The largest Independent vote cast was for Newson, candidate for treasurer of the State, 15,945. The Legislature stands: House—Republicans, fifty-three; Democrats, forty-five; Independents, two. Senate—Republicans, twenty-three; Democrats, twenty-five; Independents, two. The Democratic majority on the Congressional tickets is 7,913. The Republicans elect nine and the Democrats four Congressmen.

The Chinese insurrection is spreading rapidly through various provinces..... The great powers, with the exception of England, coincide with Russia in her demands upon the Porte. England has been sending troops to and strengthening Gibraltar, and is fitting out warships..... A terrific tornado swept over the southern part of Florida, and much damage was undoubtedly inflicted..... James McQuilan, a wealthy young Canadian farmer, was convicted in Toronto of murdering his wife, and was sentenced to be hanged December 21st. The woman's body, when found, was scarcely recognizable on account of the wounds inflicted with a large stone. Her two little children cowered by the side of the remains, their clothing saturated with their mother's blood..... Three more midshipmen have been expelled from the Annapolis academy for refusing to testify in the hazing case. The whole class of fifty students is threatened with expulsion..... The grand jury, sitting at Salem, N. J., found a true bill of murder against James Weeden, Samuel Collyer, John Clarke, Richard Goodwin, and "Fiddler" Neary, the men concerned in the killing of Walker in the prize ring..... The official figures of the Ohio election (excepting Shelby county) give the total vote for Barnes, Republican secretary of State, as 310,259; the Democratic candidate received 303,897; the Prohibitionist, 1,132, Greenback, 4,371. Republican majority, 4,956; plurality, 6,727. The Republicans elected twelve members of Congress and the Democrats eight..... Delaware and Maryland united on a day for State celebration at the Philadelphia exhibition, and the plan proved a grand success. One hundred and seventy-five thousand people were present, being the second largest crowd of the season. The principal feature was the tournament on George's Hill, which was witnessed by fully seventy-five thousand persons. Fifteen knights rode at full speed and endeavored to pick small rings from arches with the points of their lances—a task requiring good horsemanship, a quick eye, and steady nerves. The knight of Delaware was the successful contestant, securing eight of the nine rings.

The Witherspoon monument in the Ex hibition grounds at Philadelphia was unveiled in the presence of a large crowd. Gov. Bedle, of New Jersey, was the orator..... The single scull race between Brayley and Wallace Ross came off at St. Johns, N. B. The distance was two miles and turn and the stakes $1,000. Ross beat Brayley with ease by five lengths. Time, 28.30..... The report of New Yorks canal engineers shows that the cost of canal engineering during the past year has been $70,151.60 less than the previous year..... Mrs. Ira Baker, of Glen Lock, Pa., while laboring under an aberration of mind, beat in the heads of three of her children, aged two, four and six years, with a club. An infant was found completely covered with a mattress, the object being to smother it. The three children cannot survive..... The trotter Great Eastern has again defeated Smuggler, at Boston. Time, 2:21, 2:24¼, 2:25..... During an altercation in a low lodging house in New York, John Kelly was stabbed to death by Quimbo Appo, a Chinaman, who was arrested. This makes the fourth person he has killed since his arrival in this country—having served in different prisons nearly sixteen years for the crimes..... It is recommended by the German commission that the government grant a subvention to enable German exhibitors to compete at the French exposition.

A hurricane which swept over the West Indies did an immense amount of damage. A number of ships were sunk; but none of them were American. The steamer City of Houston, from New York for Galveston, went ashore, but will be saved..... Two trains collided on the Cheshire (N. H.) railway and an engineer and fireman were killed..... The whaling bark Florence arrived in San Francisco from the North Pacific, having on board 190 men of the crews of twelve whalers abandoned on account of being caught in the floating ice and besides being badly "nipped," with no prospect of release. Others of the crews had gone to Honolulu on the Three Brothers. A large number of men chose remain on the vessels and take their chances of life in preference to a four days' journey over the ice, dragging boats with them, in hopes of finding the Florence and Three Brothers. There is no doubt they will all perish. The abandoned vessels were the barks Onward and Clara Bell, San Francisco; ships St. George and Marengo and barks Cornelius Holland, James Allen and Java, of New Bedford; ship Camilla and barkentine Josephine, of Boston; bark Acors Barnes, New London, and the Hawaiian barks Desmond and Arctic.

..... The single scull race of five miles between Scharff and Evan Morris, at Pittsburgh, was won by Scharff by one length. Time, 35:35..... The Montenegrins have captured Medun..... Indians attacked a wagon train between Forts Fetterman and Laramie, but were repulsed after losing four of their band. The wagonmaster was wounded. Troubles apprehended at the Red Cloud agency, as none of the braves came for rations on the last distribution day.

The will of Hon. F. O. J. Smith, filed for probate at Portland, Me., leaves $50,000 to the home for aged and indigent mothers, $50,000 to the Cumberland county law library, $10 000 to the New Hampshire historical society, and $20,000 to Phillips academy, Exeter, where he was educated, besides other small bequests..... Dispatches from Bombay give very discouraging prospects of the crops. There has been no rain; everything is drying up, and cattle are dying of starvation. The local government estimates that in three districts alone two hundred thousand people will have to be supported by the authorities..... Thomas Ellis, paying teller of the New York City Park bank, has absconded with $36,000 in greenbacks belonging to the institution. No motive is assigned for the crime, as he did not live a fast life, and his salary of $4,000 was ample for all expenses. A reward of $5 000 is offered for his apprehension..... John H. Schwamb, who shot at his sister in a Union Hill (N. J.) saloon, missing her and killing a man named Bette, was found guilty on trial and has been sentenced to be hanged December 8th..... A six weeks' armistice has been agreed upon between the contending powers in Europe.

Dangerous Inventions.

Many years ago a gentleman in a subordinate department of the Bank of Ireland discovered a device more useful than hair splitting, though of the like nature; he found out a way of splitting bank notes, so that each note became two, and to all appearances were the same as when they were one, including, of course, the watermark and all the rest of it. He was an honest man, and informed the government of the result of his ingenuity; whereupon, on his solemn promise of never revealing his secret, they made him governor of the bank. Another gentleman, but who, unhappily, is a rogue, has lately made his appearance in London; he has invented a certain acid which causes the writing to disappear from the check, and then he fills up the blank space according to his aspirations. His *modus operandi* is the following: He procures a real check, drawn by a good name, for seventeen or nineteen pounds; the word "pounds" is obliterated so completely that no trace of the original writing can be discerned even under the microscope, and the words "hundred pounds" inserted in its place; two ciphers are added to the figures, and then the thing is done, since all the other parts of the document, including the signature, are quite correct. This ingenious plan is causing great consternation in London, and the gentleman who invented it could get a good round sum to retire from business.

Human Footprints.

William Buick and son, farmers of North Canton, Conn., while engaged in digging a watering place for cattle on their farm, came upon two slabs of light colored sandstone, tearing the strong, clear imprint of a left human foot and two tracks of a gallinaceous bird, the stride of which measures eleven, and the spread of the claws four inches. Four inches is also the distance between the heel of the bird's foot and the end of the middle claw. The finding of these bird tracks in Connecticut sandstone is nothing remarkable of late years, but this is the first vestige of humanity yet discovered. The foot measures eleven inches in length and is well proportioned, except that the inferior toes are unusually long, and the great toe is unusually short. The soil in which these tracks were found is gravelly, evidently a deposit consisting of comminuted clay and fine sand, and the slabs are light colored, thus differing from the Portland brownstone. Mr. Buick has taken the curiosities to Hartford, and a great crowd was attracted by them. The attention of savans will be at once called to them.

A Compliment to American Industry.

The Grand Niebelungen Orchestra at Bayreuth, under the leadership of Hans Richter and August Wilhelmy, have presented to Richard Wagner a beautiful Concert Grand of Messrs. George Steck & Co.'s make, New York, which is not only a high compliment to the well known firm, but also to American industry. This is the same firm that was the recipient of the only Gold Medal for best pianos at the World's fair in Vienna, 1873, and which was also just now awarded the first prize at the Centennial Exhibition, George Steck & Co.'s name being placed at the head of the list of awards for pianos, theirs having again proved to be the finest in tone and of greater durability than all other instruments on exhibition. The Steck pianos stand thus acknowledged before the world as being above all competition, and are therefore preferable to purchasers who wish to secure a strictly first-class and reliable instrument.

A Question Settled.

When fruit trees grow near division lines, and the fruit falls over the fence upon a neighbor's land, the question may be asked: "To which party does the fruit belong?" In England it has been legally decided to belong to the owner of the tree, but he had no right to get it without asking permission, because he would be a trespasser. All he could legally do would be to ask permission to pick up his fruit, and if that be refused, he would be compelled to see it lie and rot. Nor can the other party legally appropriate such fruit to his own use, but he can cut off every inch of his neighbor's trees which hangs over his ground, but he must be careful that he does not cut an inch beyond his line.

Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organ Declared Best at the Centennial.

Medals and diplomas have been so numerously awarded at the Centennial in Philadelphia that they indicate nothing as to the comparative merits of exhibits. The *Judges' Reports* alone determine rank in excellence. These unequivocally assign to the Mason & Hamlin Organs "the first rank in the several requisites of such instruments," which "is as much," says the New York *Tribune*, "as to say they are the best reed organs exhibited, in all important qualities."

Merchant's Gargling Oil has become one of the most popular liniments that is now prepared. It is, beyond a doubt, the best liniment in the world for the diseases advertised. Its use has not only become general in every State of the Union, but large quantities of this valuable preparation are annually sent to foreign countries.—*The Revolution, N. Y.*

At our request Dragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage,) a sample of Dobbins' Electric Soap to try. Send at once.

Builders and all who contemplate building should procure a copy of "Atwood's Modern American Homesteads." Price, $3.50. Circular of contents sent to any address by the publishers, A. J. Bicknell & Co., 27 Warren street, New York.

Pimples on the face, rough skin, chapped hands, saltrheum and all cutaneous affections cured, the skin made soft and smooth, by the use of JUNIPER TAR SOAP. That made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, is the only kind that can be relied on, as there are many imitations, made from common tar, which are worthless.—COM.

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This standard remedy for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza, bronchitis, hoarseness, asthma, whooping cough, croup, sore throat, diphtheria, difficulty of breathing, quinsy, phthisis, pain in the side and breast, spitting of blood, liver complaint, bleeding of the lungs, and all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest, including even consumption. It seems hardly necessary to dilate at length upon the virtues of this favorite remedy for all diseases of the lungs, throat and chest. It was introduced to the public by Dr. Wistar nearly half a century since, and by the wonderful cures which it performed, gained an immediate and envisible reputation, which to this day is fully sustained. From the gulf of the St. Lawrence to the shores of the Pacific, and in many countries abroad, there are few villages or hamlets without "living testimonials" to the rapidity and certainty of its curative effects. The proprietors, mindful of their responsibility to the afflicted, exercise the utmost care in the selection and compounding of the various ingredients of which the Balsam is composed; and the sick are secure in that the high standard of excellence on which its popularity is based will always be maintained.

SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, proprietors, Boston.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest hair dressing in the world.

FORTUNES FOR ALL.—Agents wanted. Address Bullion Mining Co., 176 Broadway, N.Y.

Steinway's Victory and Laurels.

The following official report of the Judges of Awards, accompanying the Medal, shows conclusively that the *highest honors* in the gift of the Centennial authorities were *unanimously* awarded to STEINWAY & SONS, viz.:

"*For greatest concert capacity in Grand pianos, as also highest degree of excellence in all their styles of pianos, viz.: Largest volume, purity and duration of tone, and extraordinary carrying capacity with precision and durability of mechanism; also novel disposition of the strings and construction, and bracing of the metal frame.*"

The report then minutely describes and emphatically indorses the six principal patented improvements which have made the Steinway

THE STANDARD PIANOS OF THE WORLD.